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H Y M N S

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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IN THREE BOOKS.

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- I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES,  
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.  
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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By I. WATTS, D.D.

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*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy,  
Ec. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, Ec.  
Revelation v. 9.*

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*Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque  
Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plinius in Epist.*

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M,DCC,XCVII.

H. Y. M. N. 3

THE  
SPIRITUAL SONGS

OF THE  
METHODIST CHURCH

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND IN THE WEST INDIES

AND IN THE ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES

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BOOK I.

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*Collected from the Holy Scriptures.*

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H Y M N 1. Common Metre.

*A new song to the Lamb that was slain.*

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise:  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret will?  
Who but the Son shall take that book  
And open ev'ry seal?

- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,  
 The Son deserves it well;  
 Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys  
 Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
 Be endless blessings paid;  
 Salvation, glory, joy remain  
 Forever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
 Hast set the pris'ners free,  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace  
 Are put beneath thy pow'r;  
 Then shorten these delaying days,  
 And bring the promis'd hour.

H Y M N 2. Long Metre.

*The deity and humanity of Christ.*

John i. 1, 3, 14, and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
 From everlasting was the word;  
 With God he was; the word was God,  
 And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r all things were made;  
 By him supported all things stand;  
 He is the whole creation's head,  
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or satan fell,  
 He held the host of morning stars;  
 (Thy generation who can tell,  
 Or count the number of thy years?)

- 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms ;  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son :  
How full of truth ! how full of grace !  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone !
- 6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The loves of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

## H Y M N 3. Short Metre.

*The nativity of Christ.*

Luke i. 30, &amp;c. Luke ii. 10, &amp;c.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the grace appears,  
The promise is fulfil'd ;  
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,  
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,  
Calls him his only Son ;  
He bids him rule the lands abroad,  
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign  
With a peculiar sway ;  
The nations shall his grace obtain,  
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news  
A heav'nly form appears ;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys  
And banishes their fears.

- 5 "Go humble swains," said he,  
 "To David's city fly;  
 "The promis'd infant, born to-day,  
 "Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 "With looks and hearts serene  
 "Go visit Christ your King;"  
 And straight a flaming troop was seen:  
 The shepherds heard them sing.
- 7 "Glory to God on high  
 "And heav'nly peace on earth,  
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At the Redeemer's birth!"
- 8 [In worship so divine  
 Let saints employ their tongues,  
 With the celestial hosts we join,  
 And loud repeat their songs.
- 9 "Glory to God on high,  
 "And heav'nly peace on earth,  
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 "At our Redeemer's birth!"

*HYMN 4, referred to the second psalm.*

H Y M N 5. Common Metre.

*Submission to afflictive providences.*

Job i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
 And crept to life at first,  
 We to the earth return again,  
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy  
 And fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favors borrow'd now  
 To be repay'd anon.

- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and (blessed be his name)  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.

## H Y M N 6. Common Metre.

*Triumph over death.*

Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He clothes them all afresh.

- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
 With strong immortal eyes,  
 And feast upon thine unknown grace  
 With pleasure and surprise.

H. Y. M. N. 7. Common Metre.

*The invitation of the gospel; or, Spiritual food and  
 cloathing.*

Isaiah lv. 1, &c.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
 And ev'ry heart rejoice;  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls  
 That feed upon the wind,  
 And vainly strive with earthly toys  
 To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
 A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bid your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die;  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry;
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join;  
 Salvation in abundance flows  
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,  
 Who work with mighty pain,  
 To weave a garment of your own  
 That will not hide your sin,

- 7 Come naked and adorn your souls  
In robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labors of his Son,  
And dy'd in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins!
- 9 The happy gates of gospel-grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

## H Y M N 8. Common Metre.

*The safety and protection of the church.*

Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

- 1 **H**OW honorable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates.  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventur'd on his grace.



- 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,  
And banish all your fears :  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,  
His arm shall bring them low :  
Low as the caverns of the grave  
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread  
In that rejoicing hour ;  
The ruins of her walls shall spread  
A pavement for the poor.

H Y M N 9. Common Metre.

*The promises of the covenant of grace.*

Isaiah lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezekiel  
xxxvi. 25, &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives  
To gather empty wind ;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield  
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come and the Lord shall feed our souls,  
With more substantial meat ;  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace ;  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.



- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
 Tho' black as hell before;  
 Our sin shall sink beneath the sea,  
 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread  
 Our inward pow'rs again,  
 His spirit shall bedew our souls  
 Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,  
 That terrors cannot move,  
 That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,  
 Shall be dissolv'd by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away  
 That would not be refin'd,  
 And from the treasures of his grace  
 Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,  
 And deep engrave his law,  
 And ev'ry motion of our souls  
 To swift obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
 And we shall render praise;  
 We the dear people of his love,  
 And he our God of grace.

H Y M N 10. Short Metre.

*The blessedness of gospel-times; or, The revelation  
 of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*

Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
 Who stand on Zion's hill!  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal!

- 2 How charming is their voice !  
 How sweet the tidings are !  
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
 " He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
 That see this heav'nly light ;  
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
 But dy'd without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ,  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
 Thro' all the earth abroad !  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N 11. Long Metre.

*The humble en-lighten'd, and carnal reason hum-  
 bled ; or, The sovereignty of grace.*

Luke x. 21, 22.

- 1 **T**HERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,  
 And spoke his joy in words of praise ;  
 " Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
 " Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.
- 2 " I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,  
 " That crowns my doctrine with success ;  
 " And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
 " The heights, & breadths, & lengths of grace.

- 3 " But all this glory lies conceal'd  
 " From men of prudence and of wit ;  
 " The prince of darkneſs blinds their eyes,  
 " And their own pride reſiſts the light.
- 4 " Father, 'tis thus, becauſe thy will  
 " Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo ;  
 " 'Tis thy delight t' abaſe the proud,  
 " And lay the haughty ſcorner low.
- 5 " There's none can know the Father right,  
 " But thoſe that learn it from the Son ;  
 " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,  
 " But where the Father makes him known.
- 6 " Then let our ſouls adore our God,  
 " That deals his graces as he pleaſe ;  
 " Nor gives to mortals an account,  
 " Or of his actions, or decrees."

H Y M N 12. Common Metre.

*Free grace in revealing Chriſt.*

Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS, the man of conſtant grief,  
 A mourner all his days ;  
 His ſpirit once rejoic'd aloud,  
 And turn'd his joy to praiſe.
- 2 " Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,  
 " That hath reveal'd thy Son,  
 " To men unlearned ; and to babes  
 " Has made thy goſpel known."
- 3 " The myſt'ries of redeeming grace  
 " Are hidden from the wiſe :  
 " While pride and carnal reas'ning join  
 " To ſwell and blind their eyes."

- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth  
His great decrees fulfil,  
And orders all his works of grace  
By his own sov'reign will.

H Y M N 13. Long Metre.

*The Son of God incarnate; or, The titles and the kingdom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,  
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;  
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,  
Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;  
Behold th' expected child appear!  
What shall his names or titles be?  
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"
- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,  
Come to be suckled and ador'd;  
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,  
The Son of David and his Lord.]
- 4 The government of earth and seas  
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:  
His wide dominions shall increase,  
And honors to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit  
High on his father David's throne;  
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,  
And reign to ages yet unknown.

H Y M N 14. Long Metre.

*The triumph of faith; or, Christ's unchangeable love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the faints to hell?  
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;  
 And the salvation to fulfil,  
 Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! he lives, and sits above,  
 For ever interceding there;  
 Who shall divide us from his love?  
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,  
 Famine or sword or nakedness;  
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',  
 And makes us more than conq'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,  
 It triumphs in the dying hour:  
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;  
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

## H Y M N 15. Long Metre.

*Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.*

2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity  
 That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;  
 When I am weak then I am strong,  
 Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there :  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost,  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize,  
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

H Y M N 16. Common Metre.

*Hosanna to Christ.*

Math. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line !  
His natures two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here we find,  
And offspring is the same ;  
Eternity and time are join'd  
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heav'n !  
Hosannas of the highest strain  
'To Christ the Lord be given !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' Hosanna on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break  
Their silence into songs.

## H Y M N 17. Common Metre.

*Victory over death.*

1 Corinthians xv. 55, &amp;c.

- 1 **O** For an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful pow'rs !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quiv'ring lips should sing,  
" Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?  
" And where the monster's sting ? "
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;  
Death hath no sting beside ;  
The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;  
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,  
Thro' Christ our living head.

## H Y M N 18. Common Metre.

*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*

Revelations xiv. 3.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
For all the pious dead ;  
Sweet is the favor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are blest'd ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,  
And free'd from ev'ry snare.



- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife  
 They're present with the Lord ;  
 The labors of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward.

H Y M N 13. Common Metre.

*The song of Simeon ; or, Death made desirable.*

Luke ii. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,  
 As happy Simeon came,  
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;  
 O make our joys the the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight  
 The good old man was fill'd,  
 When fondly in his wither'd arms  
 He clasp'd the holy child ;
- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,  
 " Behold thy servant dies ;  
 " I've seen thy great salvation, Lord ;  
 " And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 " This is the light prepar'd to shine  
 " Upon the Gentile lands ;  
 " Thine Isra'l's glory and their hope,  
 " To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus ! the vision of thy face  
 Hath overpowering charms !  
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
 How sweet my minutes roll !  
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
 And glory in my soul.]



## H Y M N 20. Common Metre.

*Spiritual apparel, namely, the robe of righteousness, and garment of salvation.*

Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice,  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought;  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope, and ev'ry grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great sacred Three!  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

## H Y M N 21. Common Metre.

*A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.*

Rev. xxi. 1-4.

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are pass'd away,  
And the old rolling skies;

- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
"Of our descending King!
- 4 "The God of glory down to men  
"Removes his bless'd abode;  
"Men the dear object of his grace,  
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
"From ev'ry weeping eye;  
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22 and 23, referred to the 125th Psalm.

H Y M N 24. Long Metre.

*The rich sinner dying.*

Psal. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job. iii. 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,  
And heap the shining dust in vain;  
Look down and scorn the humble poor,  
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease  
Their pained hearts, or aching heads;  
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,  
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

- 3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul,  
The dismal summons must obey,  
And bid a long, and sad farewell,  
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,  
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones :  
Their bones without distinction lie,  
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

*The rest referred to the 49th psalm.*

H Y M N 25. Long Metre.

*A vision of the Lamb.*

Rev. v. 6—9.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities begone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;  
Behold amidst th' eternal throne  
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;  
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book  
From him that sits upon the throne ;  
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark decrees and things unknown.
- 4 All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
And in new songs of gospel sound  
Address their honors to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shouts, the harmony,  
Fly o'er the everlasting hills ;  
"Worthy art thou alone they cry,  
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
"To be our teacher and our king!"
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal  
Eternal counsels, deep designs;  
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell  
With thine invaluable blood;  
And wretches that did once rebel,  
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy forever is the Lord,  
That dy'd for treasons not his own,  
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,  
And dwell upon the Father's throne!

H Y M N 26. Common Metre.

*Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.*

1 Pet. i. 3—5.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.

- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
 Reserv'd against that day;  
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
 And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,  
 'Till the salvation come;  
 We walk by faith as strangers here,  
 'Till Christ shall call us home.

## H Y M N 27. Common Metre.

*Assurance of heaven; or, A saint prepared to die.*

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 13.

- 1 [D EATH may dissolve my body now,  
 And bear my spirit home;  
 Why do my minutes move so slow,  
 Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
 The battles of the Lord,  
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
 And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me  
 A crown which cannot fade;  
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor has the King of Grace decreed  
 This prize for me alone;  
 But all that love, and long to see  
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
 From ev'ry ill design;  
 And to his heav'nly kingdom take  
 This feeble soul of mine.

- 6 God is my everlasting aid,  
 And hell shall rage in vain;  
 To him be highest glory paid  
 And endless praise. *Amen.*

H Y M N 28. Common Metre.

*The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his church.*

Isaiah lxiii. 1, 3, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,  
 Comes travelling in state  
 Along the Idumean road,  
 Away from Bozrah's gate.
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim  
 'Tis some victorious king;  
 "'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,  
 "That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,  
 Why thine apparel's red:  
 And all thy vesture stain'd like those  
 Who in the wine-press tread?
- 4 "I by myself have trod the press,  
 "And crush'd my foes alone;  
 "My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,  
 "My fury stamp'd them down.  
 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes  
 "With joyful scarlet stains;  
 "The triumph that my raiment wears  
 "Sprung from my bleeding veins.
- 6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd  
 "That dare insult my saints:  
 "I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,  
 "An ear for their complaints."

## H Y M N 29. Common Metre.

*The second part; or, The ruin of Antichrist.*

Isaiah lxiii. 4—7.

- 1 “ I lift my banner,” saith the Lord,  
 “ Where antichrist has stood;  
 “ The city of my gospel foes  
 “ Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 “ My heart has studied just revenge,  
 “ And now the day appears,  
 “ The day of my redeem’d is come,  
 “ To wipe away their tears.
- 3 “ Quite weary has my patience grown,  
 “ And bids my fury go:  
 “ Swift as the lightning it shall move,  
 “ And be as fatal too.
- 4 “ I call for helpers, but in vain;  
 “ Then has my gospel none?  
 “ Well, mine own arm has might enough  
 “ To crush my foes alone.
- 5 “ Slaughter, and my devouring sword,  
 “ Shall walk the streets around:  
 “ Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,  
 “ And stagger to the ground.”
- 6 Thy honors, O victorious King!  
 Thine own right hand shall raise,  
 While we thine awful vengeance sing,  
 And our Deliv’rer praise.

## H Y M N 30. Long Metre.

*Prayer for deliverance answered.*

Isaiah xxvi. 8—20.

- 1 I N thine own ways, O God of love,  
 We wait the visits of thy grace;  
 Our souls’ desire is to thy name,  
 And the remembrance of thy face.



- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,  
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;  
My earnest cries salute the skies  
Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride  
The tender patience of my God;  
But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,  
A mighty voice before him goes,  
A voice of music to his friends,  
But threat'ning thunder to his foes,
- 5 Come, children, to your father's arms,  
Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
While heavenly peace around my flock  
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

HYMN 31, referred to the 1st Psalm.

H Y M N 32. Common Metre.

*Strength from heaven.* Isa: xl. 27—36.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful sighs arise?  
And where's our courage fled?  
Has restless sin and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name  
That form'd the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?



- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But we that wait upon the Lord,  
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promis'd bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, referred to Psalm  
cxxxii. cxxxiv. lxvii. lxxiii. xc. and lxxxii.

H Y M N 39. Common Metre.

*God's tender care of his church.*

*Isaiah xlix. 13, &c.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb,  
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts  
Her suckling have no room?

- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,  
 "And mothers monsters prove,  
 "Sion still dwells upon the heart  
 "Of everlasting love.
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands  
 "I have engrav'd her name:  
 "My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,  
 "And build her broken frame."

## H Y M N 40. Long Metre.

*The business and blessedness of glorified saints:*

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 "WHAT happy men or angels, these,  
 "That all their robes are spotless white?  
 "Whence did their glorious troop arrive  
 "At the pure realms of heavenly light?"
- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,  
 And seas of their own blood, they came:  
 But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,  
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' almighty throne,  
 With loud hosannas night and day,  
 Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,  
 Measure their bless'd eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;  
 He bids their parching thirst be gone,  
 And spreads the shadow of his wings,  
 To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,  
 Shall shed around his milder beams;  
 There shall they feast on his rich love,  
 And drink full joys from living streams.

- 6 Thus shall their mighty blifs renew  
 Through the vast round of endless years;  
 And the soft hand of sov'reign grace,  
 Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears

H Y M N 41. Common Metre.

*The same; or, The martyrs glorified.*

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 " **T**Hese glorious minds how bright they shine  
 " Whence all their white array?  
 " How came they to their happy seats  
 " Of everlasting day?"
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys  
 On fiery wheels they rode,  
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white  
 In Jesu's dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
 And bow before his throne;  
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his grace  
 Amongst his saints reside,  
 While the rich treasure of his grace  
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
 And hunger flee as fast;  
 The fruit of life's immortal tree  
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
 Where living fountains rise,  
 And love divine shall wipe away  
 The sorrows of their eyes.

H Y M N 42. Common Metre.

*Divine wrath and mercy.*

Nah. i. 2, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God  
Is a *\* consuming fire*;  
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,  
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!  
How bright their fury glows!  
Vast magazines of plagues and storms,  
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,  
Are forc'd into a flame,  
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!  
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,  
And seek a watry grave:  
The frighted sea makes haste away,  
And sinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Through the wild air the weighty rocks  
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd;  
Who dares engage his fiery rage,  
That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace  
Sits regent on the throne,  
The refuge of thy chosen race  
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
A fiery tempest pour,  
While we beneath thy shek'ring wings  
Thy just revenge adore.

*\* Hebrews xii. 29.*

HYMN 43, referred to Psalm c.

HYMN 44, referred to Psalm cxxxiii.

H Y M N 45. Common Metre.

*The last judgment.*

Rev. xxi. 5—8.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne;  
While from the skies his awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 [“ I am the First, and I the Last,  
“ Through endless years the same:  
“ *I AM* is my memorial still,  
“ And my eternal name.
- 3 “ Such favors as a God can give,  
“ My royal grace bestows;  
“ Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams  
“ Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 “ The saint that triumphs o’er his sins,  
“ I’ll own him for a son;  
“ The whole creation shall reward  
“ The conquest he has won.
- 5 “ But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,  
“ And all the lying race,  
“ The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
“ That spurn at offer’d grace;
- 6 “ They shall be taken from my sight,  
“ Bound fast in iron chains,  
“ And headlong plung’d into the lake  
“ Where fire and darkness reigns.”]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,  
When earth and seas are fled!  
And hear the Judge pronounce my name  
With blessings on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell,  
 Who here were my delight,  
 While sinners banish'd down to hell,  
 No more offend my sight.

HYMN 46 and 47, referred to Psalm cxlviii, and  
 Psalm iii.

H Y M N 48. Long Metre.

*The Christian race.*

Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls (away our fears,  
 Let every trembling thought begone)  
 Awake and run the heav'nly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
 But they forget the mighty God,  
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r  
 Is ever new and ever young,  
 And firm endures, while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
 While such as trust their native strength  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode:  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

## H Y M N 49. Common Metre.

*The works of Moses and the Lamb: Rev. xv. 3.*1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!

Who would not fear thy name!

Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!

Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,

Our Prophet and our King:

From bonds of hell he freed our souls,

And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,

Th' Egyptian host was drown'd:

But his own blood hides all our sins,

And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the desert Israel went,

With manna they were fed:

Our Lord invites us to his flesh,

And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,

Yet never reach'd the place;

But Christ shall bring his followers home

To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,

And feel a warmer flame,

And sweeter voices tune the song

Of Moses and the Lamb.

## H Y M N 50. Common Metre.

*The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist; or, Light and salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.*1 **N**OW be the God of Israel blest'd,

Who makes his truth appear;

His mighty hand fulfils his word,

And all the oaths he swears.



- 2 Now he bedews old David's root,  
 With blessings from the skies;  
 He makes the branch of promise grow,  
 The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,  
 To go before his face;  
 The herald which our saviour God  
 Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,  
 He speaks of pardon'd sins;  
 While grace divine, and heav'nly love,  
 In its own glory shines.
- 5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,  
 "That takes our guilt away:  
 "I saw the Spirit o'er his head  
 "On his baptizing-day.]
- 6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,  
 "Sink ev'ry mountain low;  
 "The proud shall stoop, and humble souls  
 "Shall his salvation know.
- 7 "The heathen realms, with Israel's land,  
 "Shall join in sweet accord;  
 "And all that's born of man shall see  
 "The glory of the Lord.
- 8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,  
 "Ye that in darkness sit;  
 "He marks the path that leads to peace,  
 "And guides our doubtful feet."

H Y M N 51. Short Metre.

*Persevering grace.* Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.



- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our redeemer God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

H Y M N 52. Long Metre.

*Baptism.* Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,  
"Go teach the nations, and baptize,"  
The nations have receiv'd the word  
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands,  
And sends the covenant with the seals,  
To bless the distant Christian lands,
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,  
"For the remission of your sins;"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
O may the great eternal Three  
In heaven our solemn vows record!

H Y M N 53. Long Metre.

*The holy scriptures.*

Heb. i. 2. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,  
To teach us in the latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record;  
The bright inheritance of heav'n,  
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest tho'ts are here express'd,  
Able to make us wise and bless'd;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye Christian isles, who read his love  
In long epistles from above,  
(He hath not sent his sacred word  
'To ev'ry land.) Praise ye the Lord.

H Y M N 54. Long Metre.

*Electing grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ.*

Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;  
Thy God and ours are both the same;  
What heav'nly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,  
'Then chose our souls in Christ our head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once;  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our part  
In the affections of his heart;  
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,  
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

H Y M N 55. Common Metre.

*Hezekiah's song; or, Sicknefs and recovery.*

Isaiah xxxviii. 9, &c.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,  
Our God deserves a song;  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he who holds the keys of death  
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Our minds with slavish fears;  
"Our days are past, and we shall lose  
"The remnant of our years."

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- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn,  
With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,  
And no disease withstands;  
Fever and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore:  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

H Y M N 56. Common Metre.

*The song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling.*

Rev. xv. 3. and chap. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,  
We found thy dreadful name;  
The Christian church unites the songs  
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works  
Of vengeance and of grace:  
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord  
How just and true thy ways.
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,  
Or worship at thy throne;  
Thy judgments speak thine holiness  
Thro' all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon that rules the earth,  
Drunk with the martyr's blood.  
Her crimes shall speedily awake  
The fury of our God.

- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,  
And she must drink the dregs ;  
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign judge,  
And shall fulfil her plagues.

H Y M N 57. Common Metre.

*Original sin ; or, The first and second Adam.*

Rom. v. 12, &c. Psal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look  
On our original ;  
How is our nature dash'd and broke  
In our first father's fall ?
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill ;  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
How obstinate our will !
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state !)  
Before we draw our breath ;  
The first young pulse begins to beat  
Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood  
The old corruption reigns,  
And mingling with the crooked flood,  
Wanders thro' all our veins !]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root,  
Will all the branches be ;  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree ?
- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring ?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring ?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first ;  
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r  
That new-creates our dust !

H Y M N 58. Long Metre.

*The devil vanquished ; or, Michael's war with the dragon.*

Revelation xii. 7.

1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
The wars of heav'n when Michael stood  
Chief general of th' eternal King,  
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host  
The armies of the Lord prevail :  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast ;  
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown ;  
Down to the earth his legions fell ;  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,  
Christ hath assum'd his reigning pow'r ;  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the tempter down ;  
'I was by thy word and pow'rful name,  
They gain'd the battle and renown.

- 6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star  
 Shine with new glories round the sky ;  
 Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
 Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

H Y M N 59. Long Metre.

*Babylon fallen.*

Revelation xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone  
 Lies, a fair type of Babylon :  
 " Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,  
 " God shall avenge your long complaints."  
 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,  
 He sunk the mill-stone in the flood :  
 " Thus terribly shall Babel fall,  
 " Thus, and no more be found at all."

H Y M N 60. Long Metre.

*The virgin Mary's song ; or, The promised Messiah  
 born.*

Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord ;  
 In God the Saviour we rejoice :  
 While we repeat the virgin's song,  
 May the same spirit tune our voice !  
 2 [The highest saw her low estate,  
 And mighty things his hand hath done :  
 His over-shadowing pow'r and grace  
 Makes her the mother of his Son.  
 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,  
 And endless years prolong her fame :  
 But God alone must be ador'd ;  
 Holy and reverend is his name.]



- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord  
His mercy stands for ever sure :  
From age to age his promise lives,  
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,  
" In thee shall all the earth be blest'd :  
The rem'ry of that ancient word  
Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait ;  
No more the gentiles lie forlorn :  
Lo, the desire of nations comes,  
Behold the promis'd seed is born !

## H Y M N 61. Long Metre.

*Christ our High Priest and King ; and Christ coming to judgment.*

Revelation i. 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know  
The wonder of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning priest,  
To Jesus our superior king,  
Be everlasting power confess'd,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;  
'Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once ;  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day :  
Come, Lord ; nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

H Y M N 62. Common Metre.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all  
the creation.*

Revelation v. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne :  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," (they cry)  
" To be exalted thus :  
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N 63. Long Metre.

*Christ's humiliation and exaltation.*

Revelation v. 12.

- 3 WHAT equal honors shall we bring,  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar :  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

H Y M N 64. Short Metre.

*Adoption.* 1 John iii 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**ESOLD what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their king,  
God's everlasting Son :
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made,  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our head.

- 4 A hope so much divine  
My trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba Father cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

## H Y M N 65. Long Metre.

*The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of  
the Lord ; or, The day of judgment.*

Revelation xi. 15.

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high.  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;  
Kings of the earth with glad accord  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,  
Thou wast, and art, and art to come  
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,  
For ever live, for ever reign !
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,  
That they can slay the saints no more ;  
On wings of veng'ance flies our God,  
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear ;  
Now the decisive sentence hear ;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

## H Y M N 66. Long Metre.

*Christ the king at his table.*

Cant. i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul and prove  
My int'rest in his heav'nly love :  
The voice that tells me "Thou art mine,"  
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,  
And spread the favor of thy name ;  
That oil of gladness and of grace  
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms ;  
My soul shall fly into thine arms !  
Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring  
To the fair chambers of the king.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice  
To speak thy praises and our joys ;  
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine  
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,  
And black as Kedar's tents appear ;  
Yet when we put thy beauties on,  
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 While at the table sits the King,  
He loves to see us smile and sing :  
Our graces are our best perfume,  
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh, new-bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to me ;  
And while he makes my soul his guest,  
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,  
Can with thy courts on earth compare;  
And here we wait until thy love  
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

H Y M N 67. Long Metre.

*Seeking the pastures of Christ the shepherd.*

Canticles i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:  
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:  
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood:  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till thy beloved leads me home.]

H Y M N 68. Long Metre.

*The banquet of love.*

Canticles ii. 1—4, 6, 7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the rose of Sharon here,  
The lily which the vallies bear;  
Behold the tree of life, that gives  
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine,  
 Amongst wild goards the noble vine;  
 So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,  
 Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,  
 To shield me from the burning heat;  
 Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,  
 To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place  
 Where stan is the banquet of his grace;  
 He saw me faint, and o'er my head  
 The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,  
 He cheers this sinking heart of mine;  
 And op'ning his own heart to me,  
 He shews his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart;  
 Lie down and rest upon my heart;  
 I charge my sins not once to move,  
 Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

## H Y M N. 69. Common Metre.

*Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her  
 company.*

Canticles ii. 2—13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds  
 Over the rocks and rising grounds;  
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh, I see  
 With eyes of love he looks at me;  
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass  
 He shews the beauties of his face.



- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
"Rise," saith the Lord, "make haste away;  
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,  
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on;  
"The sacred turtle dove we hear  
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,  
'Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit.,"  
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,  
"Rise up, my love, and haste away!"  
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

H Y M N 70. Long Metre.

*Christ inviting, and the church accepting the invitation.* Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Redeemer, from on high,  
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;  
From caves of darkness, and of doubt,  
He gently speaks, and calls us out.
- 2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,  
"Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,  
"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,  
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;  
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;  
"Though the vain world thy face despise,  
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives  
The hope thine invitation gives:  
To thee our joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

- 5 [I am my love's, and he is mine ;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;  
Nor let a motion, nor a word,  
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,  
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ;  
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white  
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,  
Till the sweet dawning light I see,  
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a heart on mountains green,  
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;  
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide  
My love, my Saviour from my side,

H Y M N 71. Long Metre.

*Christ found in the street, and brought to the church.*

Song iii. 1—5.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,  
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight !  
With warm desire, and restless thought,  
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,  
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet :  
I ask the watchmen of the night,  
“ Where did you see my soul's delight ! ”
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,  
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;  
I leap for joy to see his face,  
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,  
Nor does my Lord refuse to come  
To Zion's sacred chambers, where  
My soul first drew the vital air.]
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,  
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;  
I give my soul to him, and there  
Our loves their mutual tokens share.
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys ;  
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,  
To cause my Saviour to depart.

## H Y M N 72. Long Metre.

*The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church.*

## Song iii. 2.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold  
The crown of honor and of gold,  
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,  
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
Accept the well deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day !  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

- 5 Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb,
- 6 O that the months would roll away;  
And bring that coronation day!  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his father's glories on.

H Y M N 73. Long Metre.

*The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.*

Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word,  
"Lo thou art fair, my love," he cries,  
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes"
- 2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice  
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;  
"No spice so much delights the smell,  
"Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]
- 3 "Thou art, all fair, my bride to me,  
"I will behold no spot in thee."  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair:  
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,  
His graces and his right'ousness.
- 5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,  
"Bound to my heart by various ties,  
"Thy powerful love my heart detains  
"In strong delight, and pleasing chains."

- 6 He call's me from the leopard's den,  
From the wild world of beasts and men,  
To Zion, where his glories are;  
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,  
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,  
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,  
When Christ invites my soul away.

## HYMN 74. Long Metre.

*The church, the garden of Christ.*

Song iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot inclos'd by grace,  
Out of the world's wild wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand:  
And all his springs in Zion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume;  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Saviour God:  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my beloved come and taste  
His pleasant fruits at his own feast,  
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,  
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,  
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,  
"The blessings that my Father sends;  
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
"And drink abundance of my love."
- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord:  
But the rich food on which we live,  
Demands more praise than we can give.]

H Y M N 75. Long Metre.

*The description of Christ the beloved.*

Song v. 9—12, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquire to know,  
Why I should love my Jesus so:  
"What are his charms," say they, "above  
"The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight  
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,  
Red with the blood he shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,  
A sun among ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells;  
And glory, like a crown, adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.]

- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound:  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold,  
Than di'monds set in rings of gold;  
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree  
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command  
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle temper'd with the dove;  
No more shall trickling sorrows roll  
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,  
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over-glorious is my Lord,  
Must be lov'd and yet ador'd;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

H Y M N 76. Long Metre.

*Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.*

Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.



- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne,  
On hills of light and worlds unknown ;  
But he descends and shews his face  
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand,  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,  
No earthly charms my soul can move ;  
I have a mansion in his heart,  
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where his glories are ;  
No chariot of Amminadab  
The heavenly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,]  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my love.

## H Y M N 77. Long Metre.

*The love of Christ to the church, in his language to  
her, and provision for her.*

Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

- 1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace  
Appears the King, and thus he says ;  
" How fair my saints are in my sight,  
" My love how pleasant for delight !"
- 2 Kind is thy language for'reign Lord,  
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word ;  
From that dear mouth a stream divine  
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip  
Of saints who were almost asleep,  
To speak the praises of thy name,  
And makes our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know,  
In fields and villages below ;  
Gives us a relish of his love,  
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In Paradise within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits ;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
There we shall feed, but thirst no more.

H Y M N 78. Long Metre.

*The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy  
of her own.*

Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

- 1 **W**HO is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness :  
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,  
On her beloved Lord she leans !
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasures of his blood :  
And her request, and her complaint,  
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]
- 3 " O let my name engraven stand,  
" Both on thy heart and on thy hand,  
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear  
" That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than death my love is known,  
" Which floods of wrath could never drown ;  
" And hell and earth in vain combine,  
" To quench a fire so much divine.

- 5 " But I am jealous of my heart,  
 " Lest it should once from thee depart ;  
 " Then let thy name be well impress'd,  
 " As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 " Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
 " Where fears and doubts can never come,  
 " Thy count'nance let me often see,  
 " And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 " Come, my beloved, haste away.  
 " Cut short the hours of thy delay ;  
 " Fly like a youthful hart or roe  
 " Over the hill where spices grow."

H Y M N 79. Long Metre.

*A morning hymn.*

Psalms xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of his race begins,  
 And without weariness or rest  
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh like the sun may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will,  
 March on, and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race.  
 If God, my sun, shall disappear.  
 And leave me in this world's wild maze,  
 To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes :  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside,  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

H Y M N 80. Long Metre.

*An evening hymn.*

Psalms iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth and hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

- 5 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

H Y M N 81. Long Metre.

*A song for evening and morning.*

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xiv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love,  
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
 To thee I consecrate my days;  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N 82. Long Metre.

*God far above creatures; or, Man vain and mortal.* Job iv. 17—21.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
 Contend with their creator, God?  
 Shall mortal worms presume to be  
 More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none  
 Of all the spirits round his throne;  
 Their natures, when compar'd with his  
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!  
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
 We faint and vanish like the moth.

- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight :  
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty pow'r ! to thee we bow !  
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

H Y M N 83. Common Metre.

*Afflictions and death under providence.*

Job v. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes !  
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out of burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne ;  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn :
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd grace ;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and right'ousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my father please.

H Y M N 84. Long Metre.

*Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.*

Isaiah xlv. 21—25.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Hra'l hear,  
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,  
While God's eternal Son proclaims  
His sov'reign honors and his names.

- 2 "I am the last, and I the first,  
 "The Saviour God, and God the just;  
 "There's none besides pretends to shew  
 "Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 ["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,  
 "Just on the verge of death and hell.  
 "Look up to me from distant lands,  
 "Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.
- 4 "I by my holy name have sworn,  
 "Nor shall the word in vain return,  
 "To me shall all things bend the knee,  
 "And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 "In me alone shall men confess,  
 "Lies all their strength and right'ousness:  
 "But such as dare despise my name,  
 "I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 "In me the Lord shall all the seed  
 "Of Isra'l from their sins be freed,  
 "And by their shining graces prove  
 "Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

H Y M N 85. Short Metre.

*The same.*

Isa. xlv. 21—25.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims  
 His Godhead from his throne;  
 "Mercy and Justice are the names  
 "By which I will be known.
- 2 "Ye dying souls that sit  
 "In darkness and distress,  
 "Look from the borders of the pit  
 "To my recov'ring grace."



- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;  
 Their thankful tongues shall own,  
 " Our righteousness and strength is found  
 " In thee, the Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Isra'l trust,  
 And see their guilt forgiv'n ;  
 God will pronounce the sinners just,  
 And take the saints to heav'n.

H Y M N 86. Common Metre.

*God holy, just, and sovereign.*

Job ix. 2—10.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race  
 Be pure before their God !  
 If he contend in righteousness,  
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts  
 I'll make no more pretence ;  
 Not one of all my thousand faults  
 Can bear a just defence
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;  
 What vain presumers dare  
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
 Or tempt th' unequal war ?
- 4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath  
 From their old seats are torn ;  
 He shakes the earth from south to north,  
 And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise ;  
 Th' obedient sun forbears :  
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
 And seals up all the stars.

- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea ;  
 Flies on the stormy wind ;  
 There's none can trace his wondrous way,  
 Or his dark footsteps find.]

H Y M N 87. Long Metre.

*God dwells with the humble and penitent.*

Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty one,  
 " I sit upon my holy throne ;  
 " My name is God ; I dwell on high ;  
 " Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 " But I descend to worlds below ;  
 " On earth I have a mansion too ;  
 " The humble spirit and contrite  
 " Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 " The humble soul my words revive,  
 " I bid the mourning sinner live :  
 " Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
 " And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 " [When I contend against their sin,  
 " I make them know how vile they've been ;  
 " But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
 " Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die !  
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
 The methods of thy chaf'ning love.

H Y M N 88. Long Metre.

*Life the day of grace and hope.*

Eccles. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' insure the great reward ;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die;  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy bury'd in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste:  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

H Y M N 89. Long Metre.

*Youth and judgment.*

Ecc. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire:
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;  
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know  
There is a day of judgment too.

- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;  
His book records your secret faults;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The veng'ance to your follies due,  
Should strike your hearts with terror thro':  
How will ye stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

H Y M N 90. Common Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,  
And through all nature rove,  
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;  
But let the sinners know,  
The strict account that God requires  
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The judge prepares his throne on high,  
The frightened earth and seas  
Avoid the fury of his eye,  
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fiery test!  
I'd give all mortal joys away  
To be for ever blest.

## H Y M N 91. Long Metre.

*Advice to youth; or, Old age and death in an unconverted state.*

Ecclef. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your creator, God:  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;  
The soul in agonies of pain  
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name:  
Teach me to know how frail I am;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

## H Y M N 92. Short Metre.

*Christ the wisdom of God.*

Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

- 1 **S**HALL wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard?  
The voice of God's eternal word,  
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,  
" His everlasting Son,  
" Before the first of all his works  
" Creation was begun.

- 3 [“ Before the flying clouds,  
 “ Before the solid land,  
 “ Before the fields, before the floods,  
 “ I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 “ When he adorn’d the skies,  
 “ And built them, I was there,  
 “ To order when the sun should rise,  
 “ And marshal ev’ry star.
- 5 “ When he pour’d out the sea,  
 “ And spread the flowing deep;  
 “ I gave the flood a firm decree,  
 “ In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 “ Upon the empty air  
 “ The earth was balanc’d well:  
 “ With joy I saw the mansion where  
 “ The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 “ My busy thoughts at first  
 “ On their salvation ran,  
 “ Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust,  
 “ Was fashion’d to a man.
- 8 “ Then come, receive my grace,  
 “ Ye children, and be wise;  
 “ Happy the man that keeps my ways,  
 “ The man that shuns them dies.”

H Y M N 93. Long Metre.

*Christ; or, Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.*

Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,  
 “ Bless’d is the man that hears my word;  
 “ Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
 “ And at my feet for mercy waits.

- 2 " The soul that seeks me, shall obtain  
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;  
" Immortal life is his reward,  
" Life, and the favor of the Lord.
- 3 " But the vile wretch that flies from me,  
" Doth his own soul an injury;  
" Fools, that against my grace rebel,  
" Seek death, and love the road to hell.

H Y M N 94. Common Metre.

*Justification by faith, not by works; or, The law  
condemns, grace justifies.*

Rom iii. 19—22.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
'Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths;  
Without a murmur'ing word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

H Y M N 95. Common Metre.

*Regeneration.* John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth  
Nor rites that God has giv'n,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heav'n.



- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace:  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N 96. Common Metre.

*Election excludes boasting.*

1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,  
But few of noble race,  
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,  
Almighty king of grace!
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name.  
For sons and heirs of God;  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honorable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know  
The myst'ries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature hath all its glories lost,  
When brought before his throne;  
No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
But in the Lord alone.

## H Y M N 97. Long Metre.

*Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.*

1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,  
We lie 'till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
'Till his atoning blood appears:  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;  
His Spirit makes our natures clean;  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

## H Y M N 98. Short Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light,  
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n;  
But in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways,  
His hands, infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the curst chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,  
To bring us near to God;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

H Y M N 99. Common Metre.

*Stones made the children of Abraham; or, Grace  
not conveyed by religious parents.*

Matthew iii. 9.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place  
Upon their birth and blood,  
Descended from a pious race;  
(Their fathers now with God.
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell  
Can take the hardest stones,  
And fill the house of Abram well  
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous pow'r doth he possess,  
Who form'd our mortal frame;  
Who call'd the world from emptiness;  
The world obey'd and came.

H Y M N 100. Long Metre.

*Believe and be saved. John iii. 16—18.*

- 1 **N**O to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ the Son of God appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword, nor thunder there,

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
 He lov'd the race of men so well,  
 He sent his Son to bear our load  
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
 Trust in his mighty name and live;  
 A thousand joys his lips afford,  
 His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies,  
 On rebels who refuse the grace;  
 Who God's eternal Son despise,  
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

H Y M N 101. Long Metre.

*Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner.*

Luke xv. 7, 10.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
 Through all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love;  
 The Son with joy looks down and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The holy soul he form'd anew!  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King.

H Y M N 102. Long Metre.

*The Leuitudes. Matthew 7. 3—12.*

- 1 **[B]**LESS'D are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty:  
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

C

- 2 [Bless'd are the men of Broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing-balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger, and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supply'd, and fed  
With living streams and living bread.]
- 5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean,  
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
'The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.]

H Y M N 103. Common Metre.

*Not ashamed of the gospel.* 2 Timothy i. 12.

- 1 I'M not aham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Main'tain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N 104. Common Metre.

*A state of nature and of grace.*

1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor stand'ers shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace ! And such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardon'd thro' his name ;  
And the good Spirit of our God  
Hath sanctify'd our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering pow'r,  
To keep thy just commands !  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

## H Y M N 105. Common Metre.

*Heaven invisible and holy.*

1 Corinthians ii. 9, 10. Revelation xxi. 27.

1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepar'd  
 For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heav'n to come;  
 The beams of glory in his word,  
 Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace;  
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
 Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame:  
 None shall obtain admittance there,  
 But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
 There all their names are found;  
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
 To tread the heav'nly ground.

## H Y M N 106. Short Metre.

*Dead to sin by the cross of Christ.*

Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin  
 Because thy grace abounds,  
 Or crucify the Lord again,  
 And open all his wounds!



- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ hath made us free,  
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

## H Y M N 107. Long Metre.

*The fall and recovery of man ; or, Christ and Satan at enmity.*

Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,  
Adam, our head, our father fell,  
When Satan in the serpent hid,  
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning—Death began  
To take possession of the man ;  
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward ;  
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,  
“ Let everlasting hatred be  
“ Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 “ The woman's seed shall be my Son ;  
“ He shall destroy what thou hast done ;  
“ Shall break thy head, and only feel  
“ Thy malice raging at his heel.”
- 5 [He spake ; and bid four thousand years  
Roll on ;—at length his Son appears ;  
Angels with joy descend to earth,  
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;  
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,  
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,  
 And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

H Y M N 108. Short Metre.

*Christ unfeen and beloved.*

1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes  
 Have we beheld the Lord,  
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
 And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
 Of our Redeemer's face,  
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
 Our joys divinely grow  
 Unspeakable, like those above,  
 And heav'n begins below.

H Y M N 109. Long Metre.

*The value of Christ and his righteousness.*

Phil. iii. 7, 9.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
 Of all the duties I have done ;  
 I quit the hopes I held before,  
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
 My former pride I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
 Things but loss, for Jesus' sake ;  
 O that my soul be found in him,  
 And of his righteousness partake !

- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

H Y M N 110. Common Metre.

*Death and immediate glory.*

2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eterna', and on high ;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heav'n ;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord with thee.

H Y M N 111. Common Metre.

*Salvation by grace.* Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 **[L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,  
[L How great our guilt has been ;  
Foolish and vain were a' our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name;  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Offolly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But 'we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
Abounding thro' his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;  
'Tis by the water and the blood,  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;  
And justify'd by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

H Y M N 112. Common Metre.

*The brazen serpent; or, Looking to Jesus.*

John iii. 14, 16.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high;  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,  
"And live," the prophet cries;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,  
 High in the heav'ns he reigns ;  
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
 Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
 A dying world revives :  
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

H Y M N 113. Common Metre.  
*Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.*

Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine,  
 To Abra'am and his seed !  
 " I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
 " Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love  
 From age to age endure ;  
 The angel of the cov'nant proves,  
 And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
 To our great father's giv'n ;  
 He takes young children to his arms,  
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !  
 His love endures the same ;  
 Nor from the promise of his grace  
 Blots out his children's name.

H Y M N 114. Common Metre.

*The same.* Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong  
 To the wild olive-wood ;  
 Grace takes us from the barren tree,  
 And grafts us in the good.

- 2 With the same blessings, grace endows  
The Gentile and the Jew ;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God !  
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord !  
And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come,  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

H Y M N 115. Common Metre.

*Conviction of sin by the law.*

Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright ;  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing pow'r and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,  
'Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins reviv'd again ;  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.]

- 5 I'm like the helpless captive sold  
Under the pow'r of sin ;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,  
For some kind pow'r to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

H Y M N 116. Long Metre.

*Love to God and our neighbor.*

Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,  
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite  
“ To love thy Maker and thy God.  
“ With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbor next in place  
“ Share thine affections and esteem ;  
“ And let thy kindness to thyself  
“ Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove ;  
For want of this the law is broke,  
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.
- 4 But O how base our passions are !  
How cold our charity and zeal !  
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

H Y M N 117. Long Metre.

*Election sovereign and free.*

Rom. ix. 21—24.

- 1 **[**BEHOLD the potter and the clay,  
[ He forms his vessels as he please ;  
Such is our God, and such are we  
The subjects of his high decrees.



- 2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend  
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,  
And mould it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high  
Dispense his favors as he will;  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What, if to make his terror known,  
He lets his patience long endure,  
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on  
And seal their own destruction sure.
- 5 What if he means to shew his grace,  
And his electing love employs,  
To mark out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
The thunder of his dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust!
- 7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still his written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,  
And the whole world before his throne,  
With joy or terror shall confess,  
The glory of his righteousness.

H Y M N 118. Short Metre.

*Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the law and Gospel.* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)  
Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God  
 Their diff'rent works were done ;  
 Moses a faithful servant stood,  
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands  
 Be strict obedience paid ;  
 O'er all his Father's house he stands  
 The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise  
 The law that Moses brought,  
 Behold ! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But forer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race,  
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
 And dare resist his grace.

H Y M N 119. Common Metre.

*The different success of the gospel.*

- 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.
- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;  
 The mist'ries that we speak  
 Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
 And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above  
 With joy receive the word ;  
 They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
 Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital favour of his name  
 Restores their fainting breath ;  
 But unbelief perverts the same  
 To guilt, despair, and death.

- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,  
 Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,  
 In vain Appollo's sows the ground,  
 And Paul may plant in vain.

H Y M N 120. Common Metre.

*Faith of things unseen.*

Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence  
 Of things beyond our sight,  
 Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,  
 And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
 Brings distant prospects home,  
 Of things a thousand years ago,  
 - Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made,  
 By God's almighty word;  
 Abra'm to unknown countries led  
 By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
 Built by th' eternal hands;  
 And faith assures us, tho' we die,  
 That heav'nly building stands.

H Y M N 121. Common Metre.

*Children devoted to God*

Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

*(For those who practise infant-baptism.)*

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,  
 "I'll be a God to thee;  
 "I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they  
 "Shall be a seed for me."

- 2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,  
And gave his sons to God ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydla sanctify'd her house,  
When she receiv'd the word ;  
Thus the believing jailor gave  
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !  
Thine ancient truths embrace ;  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim thy grace.

H Y M N 122. Long Metre.

*Believers buried with Christ in baptism.*

Romans vi. 3, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
That we are bury'd with the Lord ;  
Baptis'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death :  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again ;  
'The various lusts we serv'd before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

H Y M N 123. Common Metre.

*The repenting prodigal.*

Luke xv. 15, 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine,  
Had wasted his estate,  
He begs a share amongst the Swine,  
To taste the husks they eat !

- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,  
"I starve in foreign lands ;  
"My Father's house hath large supplies,  
"And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue  
"Fall down before his face ;  
"Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
"Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,  
To seek his Father's love ;  
The father saw the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;  
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,  
For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
(The father gives command)  
Dress him in garments white and clean,  
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain ;  
"Let mirth and joy abound ;  
"My son was dead, and lives again,  
"Was lost, and now is found."

H Y M N 124. Long Metre.

*The first and second Adam.*

Rom. v. 12, &c.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,  
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
Great God ! we own th' unhappy name,  
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

- 2 Adam, the sinner: At his fall,  
Death, like a conq'ror, seiz'd us all;  
A thousand new-born babes are dead,  
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,  
Hold the terrors of thy law,  
We sing the honors of thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd our nature to his own;  
Adam the second, from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man  
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;  
And by one man's obedience now  
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign and death abound,  
There have the sons of Adam found  
Abounding life; there glorious grace  
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

H Y M N 125. Common Metre.

*Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.*

Heb. iv. 15, 16, and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what fore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
 The great Redeemer stood,  
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What every member bears:
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
 But raise it to a flame;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his pow'r,  
 We shall obtain deliver'ing grace  
 In the distressing hour.

H Y M N 126. Long Metre.

*Charity and uncharitableness.*

Romans xiv. 17, 19. 1 Corinthians x 32.

- 1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,  
 Compose the kingdom of our Lord;  
 But peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
 Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,  
 We do the gospel mighty wrong;  
 For God the gracious and the wise,  
 Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,  
 Meekness and love our souls pursue;  
 Nor shall our practice give offence  
 To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.



## H Y M M 127. Long Metre.

*Christ's invitation to sinners; or, Humility and pride. Matt. xi. 28—30.*

- 1 “ COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
 “ Ye heavy laden sinners come;  
 “ I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 “ And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me;  
 “ I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
 “ But passion rages like the sea,  
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 “ Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
 “ My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
 “ My yoke is easy to his neck,  
 “ My grace shall make the burden light.”
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;  
 With faith and hope, and humble zeal,  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

## H Y M N 128. Long Metre.

*The apostles commission; or, The gospel attested by miracles.*

Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 “ GO preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,  
 “ Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
 “ He shall be sav'd that trusts my word:  
 “ He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 “ [I'll make your great commission known,  
 “ And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
 “ By all the works that I have done,  
 “ By all the wonders ye shall do.

- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
 "Go cast out devils in my name;  
 "Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
 "Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 "Teach all the nations my commands;  
 "I'm with you till the world shall end;  
 "All pow'r is trusted in my hands,  
 "I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;  
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:  
 They to the farthest nations spread  
 The grace of their ascending God.

H Y M N 129. Long Metre.

*Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering  
 his son.*

Genesis xxii. 6, &c.

- 1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word  
 Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
 He shall restore what you resign,  
 Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand  
 Led forth his son at God's command;  
 The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,  
 His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 "Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd,  
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd:  
 "Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
 "Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,  
 The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;  
 The mount of danger is the place  
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

## H Y M N 130. Long Metre.

*Love and hatred.*

Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &amp;c.

**N**OW by the bowels of my God,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
By his last groans his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.  
Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,  
Envy and spite for ever cease;  
Let bitter words no more be known—  
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.  
The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?  
Tender and kind be all our thoughts;  
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;  
So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

## H Y M N 131. Long Metre.

*The Pharisee and the Publican.*

Luke xviii. 10, &amp;c.

**B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.  
This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands;  
That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he hath done.

- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,  
And diff'rent answers he bestows;  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
While on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N 132. Long Metre.

*Holiness and grace.* Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our saviour God;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety improve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N 133. Common Metre.

*Love and charity.*

I Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem  
Their faith and zeal declare,  
All their religion is a dream,  
If love be wanting there.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
Nor is provok'd in haste;  
She lets the present inj'ry die,  
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
She quenches with her tongue,  
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,  
Though she endures the wrong.]
- 4 {She nor desires nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the time;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those that climb.}
- 5 She lays her own advantage by  
To seek her neighbor's good;  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
In all the realms above;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But saints for ever love.

H Y M N 134. Long Metre.

*Religion vain without love.*

1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame  
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor si'ry zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

H Y M N 135. Long Metre.

*The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.*

Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

H Y M N 136. Common Metre.

*Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, Formality in worship.*

John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear;  
'The painted hypocrites are known  
'Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
'Their bending knees the ground:  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my tho'ts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
'Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

H Y M N 137. Long Metre.

*Salvation by grace in Christ.*

2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme  
Be everlasting honors giv'n;  
He saves from hell (we bleis his name)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
'To rescue rebels doom'd to die;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.



- 5 He dies; and in that dreadful night  
 Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;  
 Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
 And took possession of the joy.

H Y M N 138. Common Metre.

*Saints in the hands of Christ.*

John x. 28, 29.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All that his heav'nly Father gave  
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
 His fav'rites from his breast;  
 In the dear bosom of his love  
 They must for ever rest.

H Y M N 139. Long Metre.

*Hope in the covenant; or, God's promise and truth  
 unchangeable.*

Hebrews vi. 17—19.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee my God?  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies;  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

H Y M N 140. Common Metre.

*A living and dead faith.*

Collected from several scriptures.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;  
'Tis faith that works by love;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial pow'r:  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
 He makes our natures clean;  
 Nor would he send his Son to be  
 The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,  
 And seals our peace with God:  
 Jesus and his salvation came  
 By water and by blood.

H Y M N 141. Short Metre.

*The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.*

Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 **W**HO hath believ'd thy word,  
 Or thy salvation known?  
 Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,  
 And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here  
 Too mean for their belief:  
 Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
 And his companion grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,  
 And treated him with scorn;  
 But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,  
 Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,  
 And Gentiles, then unknown  
 The God of justice pleas'd to bruise  
 His best beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,  
 "And make his kingdom stand;  
 "My pleasure," saith the God of grace,  
 "Shall prosper in his hand.

- 6 [“ His joyful soul shall see  
 “ The purchase of his pain,  
 “ And by his knowledge justify  
 “ The guilty sons of men. ]
- 7 [“ Ten thousand captive slaves,  
 “ Releas’d from death and sin,  
 “ Shall quit their prisons and their graves,  
 “ And own his pow’r divine. ]
- 8 [“ Heav’n shall advance my Son  
 “ To joys that earth deny’d;  
 “ Who saw the follies men had done,  
 “ And bore their sins, and dy’d.”

H Y M N 142. Short Metre.

*The same.*

Isaiah liii. 6—12.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray.  
 And broke the fold of God,  
 Each wand’ring in a diff’rent way,  
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour  
 When God our wand’rings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
 Upon the shepherd’s head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace  
 When Christ sustain’d the stroke!  
 His life and blood the shepherd pays,  
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath  
 Were taken quite away;  
 Join’d with the wicked in his death,  
 And made as vile as they.

- 5 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a num'rous seed,  
To recompence his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong;  
"He shall possess a large reward,  
"And hold his honors long.

H Y M N 143. Common Metre.

*Characters of the children of God.*

From several scriptures.

- 1 **A**S new-born babes desire the breast  
To feed, and grow, and thrive;  
So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves  
All that the word relates;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth  
Can make them slaves to lust;  
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,  
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use  
Shall bind their souls to vice;  
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce  
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.]

- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will;  
But with the noblest pow'rs they have  
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 [They find access at ev'ry hour  
To God within the veil;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And joys that never fail.]
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace;  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face.
- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,  
And make my comforts strong:  
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

H Y M N 144. Common Metre.

*The witnessing and sealing Spirit.*

Romans viii. 14, 16. Ephesians i. 13, 14.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiv'n?

- 3 Affure my conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood;  
 And bear thy witness with my heart,  
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
 The pledge of joys to come:  
 And thy soft wings, celestial dove,  
 Will safe convey me home.

H Y M N 145. Common Metre.

*Christ and Aaron.*

Taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
 A thousand glories more  
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,  
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought,  
 To purge themselves from sin;  
 Thy life was pure without a spot,  
 And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day  
 Was on their altars spilt:  
 But thy one offering takes away  
 For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,  
 For mortal was their race:  
 Thy never-changing office stands,  
 Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year  
 With blood, but not his own,  
 Aaron within the veil appears  
 Before the golden throne.]



6 [But Christ by his own pow'rful blood  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shews his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns  
On Sion's heav'nly hill:  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face:  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Ner doubt the Father's grace.

H Y M N 146. Long Metre.

*Characters of Christ.*

Borrowed from inanimate things in scripture!

1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet!  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord:  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread?  
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed:  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives  
Salvation from his healing leaves:  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is David's root and offspring too.]

- 5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields:  
Or if the lily he assume,  
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ the living vine!]
- 7 [Is he a head? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives!  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain? there I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death:  
These waters all my soul renew.  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:  
But the true gold sustains no loss:  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!  
The rock of ages never moves;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 Is he a way? He leads to God;  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in:  
Behold the pastures large and green:  
A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

- 13 [Is he design'd the corner-stone,  
For men to build their heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;  
And still to his most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright the morning-star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness:  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise;  
There he displays his pow'r abroad,  
And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

H Y M N 147. Long Metre.

*The names and titles of Christ.*

From several scriptures.

[T]IS from the treasures of his word  
I borrow titles for my Lord;  
Nor art nor nature can supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.

- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,  
Shining with undiminish'd rays;  
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,  
The heir and partner of his throne.
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,  
Writes his own name upon his thigh:  
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,  
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,  
The Lamb repents his injur'd love,  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,  
What winning titles he assumes!  
"Light of the World," and "Life of Men;"  
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart  
He acts the Mediator's part;  
A friend and brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he wears
- 7 At length the judge his throne ascends,  
Divides the rebels from his friends,  
And saints in full fruition prove  
His rich variety of love.

H Y M N 148. Proper Metre.

The same as the cxlviii<sup>th</sup> Psalm.

- 1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing  
The titles of my Lord,  
And borrow all the names  
Of honor from his word;  
Nature and art  
Can ne'er supply  
Sufficient forms  
Of majesty.

- 2 In Jesus we behold  
His Father's glorious face,  
Shining for ever bright  
With mild and lovely rays.  
Th' eternal God's  
Eternal Son.  
Inherits and  
Partakes the throne.]
- 3 The sov'reign King of kings,  
The Lord of lords most high,  
Writes his own name upon  
His garment and his thigh.  
His name is call'd  
"The Word of God,"  
He rules the earth  
With iron rod.
- 4 Where promises and grace  
Can neither melt nor move,  
The angry Lamb repents  
The inj'ries of his love:  
Awakes his wrath  
Without delay,  
As lions roar  
And tear the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace  
The great Redeemer comes,  
What gentle characters,  
What titles he assumes!  
"Light of the World,"  
And "Life of Men;"  
Nor will he bear  
Those names in vain.
- 6 Immense compassion reigns  
In our Immanuel's heart,  
When he descends to act  
A Mediator's part.

He is a friend,  
And brother too,  
Divinely kind,  
Divinely true.

- 7 At length the Lord the Judge  
His awful throne ascends,  
And drives the rebels far  
From favorites and friends :  
Then shall the saints  
Completely prove  
The heights and depths  
Of all his love.

H Y M N 149. Long Metre.

*The offices of Christ.*

From several scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

- 2 But O what condescending ways  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

- 3 [The "Angel of the cov'nant" stands  
With his commission in his hands,  
Sent from his Father's milder throne,  
To make his great salvation known.]

- 4 [Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful tidings came  
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

- 5 [My bright example and my guide,  
I would be walking near thy side;  
O let me never run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden way!]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep  
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,  
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High-Priest, has dy'd,  
I seek no sacrifice beside;  
His blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high,  
The Father lays his thunder by;  
Not all that earth and hell can say,  
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit  
A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
The "Captain of Salvation" leads;  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown  
Put all their forms of mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]



H Y M N 150. Proper Metre.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore:  
All are too mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set  
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach his heav'nly grace!  
Mine eyes with joy  
And wonder see  
What forms of love  
He bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands:  
Commission'd from  
His Father's throne,  
To make his grace  
To mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came:  
The joyful news  
Of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd,  
And peace with heav'n.]

- 5 [Be thou my counsellor,  
My pattern and my guide;  
And thro' this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side.  
O let my feet  
Ne'er run astray  
Nor rove, nor seek  
The crooked way!]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of his sheep:  
He feeds his flock,  
He calls their names,  
His bosom bears  
The tender lambs,]
- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.  
Behold my soul  
At freedom set;  
My Surety paid  
The dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus my great High-Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His pow'rful blood  
Did once atone;  
And now it pleads  
Before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows his ears,  
And lays his thunder by.

Not all that hell  
Or sin can say,  
Shall turn his heart,  
His love away.]

10 [My dear almighty Lord,  
My Conqu'ror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing.  
Thine is the pow'r;  
Behold I sit  
In willing bonds  
Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down:  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown.  
A feeble faint  
Shall win the day,  
Tho' death and hell  
Obstruct the way.]

12 Should all the hosts of death,  
And pow'rs of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on:  
I shall be safe,  
For Christ displays  
Superior pow'r  
And guardian grace.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

H Y M N S,  
AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

*Composed on divine Subjects.*

H Y M N 1. Long Metre.

*A song in praise to God from Great Britain.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing  
God the Creator and the King:  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,  
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;  
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound  
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,  
Exert your force, and own his name;  
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,  
We sing his honors and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,  
From the young cradle to the grave:  
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,  
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

- 5 [This northern isle, our native land,  
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:  
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,  
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,  
And makes it gracious, like his own;  
Makes our successive princes kind,  
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high  
To him that thunders thro' the sky,  
And with an awful nod or frown  
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim  
The triumphs of th' eternal name;  
While trembling nations read from far  
The honors of the God of war.]
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;  
Britain pronounce with warmest joy  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:  
The strongest notes that angels raise,  
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

H Y M N 2. Common Metre.

*The death of a sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay;  
Till like a flood with rapid force  
Death sweeps the wretch away.

- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost,
- 4 There endless crouds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains;  
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood  
For their old guilt atones,  
Nor the compassion of a God  
Shall harken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
Nor bid my soul remove,  
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
And well insur'd his love!

H Y M N 3. Common Metre.

*The death and burial of a saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms!  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest'd,  
And soften'd ev'ry bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And shew'd our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising-day,
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N 4. Long Metre.

*Salvation in the cross.*

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:  
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die,
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade!  
Thy vengeance will not strike me dead,  
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.



- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
 And all my foes shall lose their aim:  
 Hosanna to my dying God,  
 And my best honors to his name.

H Y M N 5. Long Metre.

*Longing to praise Christ better.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my tho'ts with wonder roll  
 O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
 And read my Maker's broken laws,  
 Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross:
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
 Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;  
 And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,  
 Sit glorious by his Father's side;
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,  
 I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;  
 Fain would I reach eternal things,  
 And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
 For want of their immortal strains;  
 And in such humble notes as these  
 Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear  
 When we shall leave these bodies here,  
 These clogs of clay; and mount on high,  
 To join the songs above the sky.

H Y M N 6. Common Metre.

*A morning song.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes:  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]
- 9 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

H Y M N 7. Common Metre.

*An evening song.*

- 1 [DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song  
Like holy incense rise;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Thro' all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But O how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd  
To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiply'd,  
Past as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

## H Y M N 8. Common Metre.

*An hymn for morning or evening.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand;  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r  
That rais'd us with a word,  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
That was not made our tomb.

- 4 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To take our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,  
To God's avenging law;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings:  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,  
Beneath his shady wings.

H Y M N 9. Common Metre.

*Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A** LAS, and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my Sov'reign die!  
Wou'd he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,  
While all expos'd to wrath divine,  
The glorious suff'rer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide;  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty maker dy'd  
For man the creature's sin.

- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N 10. Common Metre.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more;  
The happiness that I approve  
Is not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round the spacious earth  
That suits my large desire;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refin'd,  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,  
The glorious and the great,  
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,  
To make our bliss complete.]

- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd climb the heav'nly road;  
 There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,  
 And there my smiling God.

H Y M N 11. Long Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth deceitful sea  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
 Down to the gulph of black despair;  
 And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyfs;  
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
 And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes:  
 O for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There from the bosom of my God  
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll;  
 There would I fix my last abode.  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

H Y M N 12. Common Metre.

*Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.*

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears,  
 The types are all withdrawn;  
 So fly the shadows and the stars  
 Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No smoking sweets nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,  
Incense and spice of costly names,  
Would all be burnt in vain,
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show  
The wonders of his love;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
"For I myself have dy'd;"  
And then he shews his open'd veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

## H Y M N 13. Long Metre.

*The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.*

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,  
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;  
Let all the nations sound his praise,  
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,  
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,  
Nature and time without their wheels,  
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne  
He looks far down upon the spheres;  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round he turns the hasty years.



- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,  
 Till all his faints are gather'd in:  
 Then for the trumpets dreadful blast,  
 To shake it all to dust again.
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
 And lightning burn the globe below,  
 Saints, you may lift you joyful eyes,  
 There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

H Y M N 14. Short Metre.

*The Lord's day; or, Delight in ordinances.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near.  
 And feasts his faints to-day;  
 Here we may sit, and see him re,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a place as this,  
 And sit and sing her soul away  
 To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N 15. Long Metre.

*The enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts vain world be gone,  
 Let my religious hours alone;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire :  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand  
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,  
And in sweet murmurs by their side  
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread the table of thy grace :  
Bring down a taste of truth divine !  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

## H Y M N 16. Long Metre.

*Part the Second.*

- 7 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace  
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame !  
Lord, how we love thy charming name !
- 8 When I can say, my God is mine,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.

- 9 While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit and gaze away  
A long, and everlasting day.
- 10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coast of perfect light :  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 11 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees !  
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 12 Send comforts down from thy right-hand  
While we pass thro' this barren land,  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

H Y M N 17. Common Metre.

*God's eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground ;  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound  
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne,  
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime ;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling place,  
And *ever* is his time.

- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal *now*,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come !  
The creatures—look ! how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies !  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When th' old creation dies.

H Y M N 18. Long Metre.

*The ministry of angels.*

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light,  
The King of glory spreads his seat,  
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,  
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 "Go," saith the Lord, \* "my Gabriel, go,  
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb :  
"Make haste, † ye cherubs, down below,  
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."
- 3 Here a bright squadron ‡ leaves the skies,  
And thick around Elisha stands ;  
Aaron, a heav'nly soldier flies,  
And breaks the chains from Peter's || hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,  
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;  
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,  
Let angels be our convoy too.

\* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.  
|| Acts xii. 7.

- 126 HYMN 19. Common Metre.  
5 Are they not all thy servants, § Lord ?  
At thy command they go and come ;  
With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
And guard thy children to their home.

H Y M N 19. Common Metre.

*Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone :  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first ;  
Salvation to th' almighty name,  
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and strait our hearts and brains  
In all their motions rose ;  
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins ;"  
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.]

§ Heb. i. 14.

## H Y M N 20. Common Metre.

*Backslidings and returns ; or, The inconstancy of  
our love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight ?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day,  
With thee, no more by night ?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rove ?  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The favor of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish of all my days.
- 4 But e'er one fleeting hour is pass'd,  
'The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,  
With fair deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thy arms.]
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul  
That I should leave thee so :  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go ?
- 7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn to pain,  
And I am drown'd in grief ;  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He lies to my relief ;

- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize ;  
 He draws with loving bands ;  
 Divine compassion in his eyes,  
 And pardon in his hands.]
- 9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus  
 In chafe of false delight ?  
 Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
 Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
 And bring my heart to rest  
 On the dear centre of my soul,  
 My God, my Saviour's breast.]

H Y M N 21. Long Metre.

*A song of praise to God the Redeemer.*

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song  
 Of great Diana, and of Jove ;  
 But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,  
 Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies,  
 To save my soul from gaping hell !  
 How the black gulph where Satan lies,  
 Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frown'd, and veng'ance stood,  
 To drive me down to endless pain !  
 But the great Son propos'd his blood,  
 And heav'nly wrath grew mild again,
- 4 Infinite Lover ! gracious Lord !  
 To thee be endless honors giv'n ;  
 Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd,  
 Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.



## H Y M N 22. Long Metre.

*With God is terrible majesty.*

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,  
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!  
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!  
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel-angels knew,  
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:  
Thine arrows struck the traitor thro',  
And weighty veng'ance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,  
And roars beneath th' eternal load:  
"With endless burnings who can dwell,  
"Or bear the fury of a God!"
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,  
Throw down your arms before his throne;  
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,  
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, blest'd saints, that love him too,  
With rev'rence bow before his name;  
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:  
God is a bright and burning flame.

## H Y M N 23. Long Metre.

*The sight of God and Christ in heaven.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n immortal dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand;  
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro' the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,  
And view thy face, and sing and love!

H Y M N 24. Long Metre.

*The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great builder arch'd the skies,  
And form'd all nature with a word,  
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,  
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,  
Satan, a tall arch-angel, sat,  
Amongst the morning stars \* he sung,  
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,  
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies:  
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,  
"Son of the morning, † from the skies!"
- \* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isaiah xiv. 12.

- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,  
Till sin defil'd the happy place ;  
They lost their garden and their God,  
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- 5 So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,  
And spread destruction all abroad ;  
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour  
Spoil'd six days labor of a God.]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,  
That such a foe should seize thy breast ;  
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;  
O ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,  
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,  
Thine everlasting arm we sing,  
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

## H Y M N 25. Common Metre.

*Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so ?  
Awake my sluggish soul !  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
Labor, and tug, and strive ;  
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel-bands  
Come flying from above :

- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down  
And labor'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts !  
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,  
And fit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise ;  
With hands of faith, and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

H Y M N 26. Long Metre.

*God invisible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,  
We can't behold thy bright abode ;  
O ! 'tis beyond a creature-mind,  
To glance a thought half-way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky  
The great Eternal reigns alone,  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the toplest throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferably bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet  
Substantial beams of gloomy night,
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look thro' and cheer us from above ;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies.  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

## H Y M N 27. Long Metre.

*Praise ye him, all his angels. Psalm cxlviii. 2:*

- 1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name!  
That the whole heav'nly army fears,  
That shakes the wide creation's frame,  
And Satan trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,  
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;  
Eut, O ye fiery flames, declare  
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,  
To speak so infinite a thing;  
But your immortal eyes survey  
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,  
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;  
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,  
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel this burning love)  
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;  
That sacred fire dwells all above,  
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too,  
'That infinite right hand of his,  
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,  
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts,  
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!  
What dreadful jav'lins nail'd their hearts  
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

- 2 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host,  
You that beheld the sinking foe ;  
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost :  
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,  
Let ev'ry distant nation hear ;  
And while you sound his lofty praise,  
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

H Y M N 28. Common Metre.

*Death and eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,  
Converse awhile with death :  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,  
His pulses faint and few ;  
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, Oh the soul that never dies !  
At once it leaves the clay !  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
It mounts, triumphing there ;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die ?  
And must this soul remove ?  
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above !

- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust:  
And my flesh waits for thy command,  
To drop into my dust.

H Y M N 29. Common Metre.

*Redemption by prince and power.*

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above!  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels love to know his name,  
Or saints that feel his grace.

H Y M N 30. Short Metre.

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 [COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place:  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.]

- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heav'nly king  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 [The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]



## H Y M N 31. Long Metre.

*Christ's presence makes death easy.*

**W**HY should we start, and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay,  
O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## H Y M N 32. Common Metre.

*Frailty and folly.*

**H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
How vast our soul's affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay:  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Steep downwards as we run.

- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That flight the joys above !  
What chains of veng'ance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

H Y M N 33. Common Metre.

*The blessed society in heaven.*

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And say, there's nought below the sun  
That's worthy of thy feet
- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,  
And tread the courts above :  
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things  
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There on a high majestic throne  
h' almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds his glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon,  
No ev'ning's there, nor gloomy nights,  
No want the feeble moon,
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,  
Behold the sacred Dove,  
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.

- 6 The glorious tenants of the place,  
Stand beading round the throne ;  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise,  
The infinite Three-One.
- 7 [But, O what beams the heav'nly grace,  
'Transport them all the while !  
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,  
And love in ev'ry smile !]
- 8 Jesus ! O when shall that dear day,  
'That joyful hour appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay  
To dwell amongst them there ?

H Y M N 34. Common Metre.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Perseverency of  
devotion desired.*

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys :  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?

- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N 35. Common Metre.

*Praise to God for creation and redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace ;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to th' United Three,  
The undivided One.

- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
That form'd us by a word ;  
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :  
Salvation to the Lord !

- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound ;  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

H Y M N 36. Short Metre,

*Christ's intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone  
T' appear before our God.  
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne  
With his atoning blood.

- 2 No fi'ry veng'ance now,  
No burning wrath comes down ;  
If justice calls for sinners blood,  
The Saviour shews his own.

- 3 Before his Father's eye  
Our humble suit he moves !  
The Father lays his thunder by,  
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
Our Maker's honor sing ;  
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,  
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,  
And sound his glories high ;  
"Hosanna to the God of grace  
"That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,  
"And triumphs all above :"  
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,  
To speak immortal love !
- 7 [How jarring and how low  
Are all the notes we sing !  
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,  
And they shall please the King.]

H Y M N 37. Common Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats  
Where your Redeemer stays :  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,  
And shed his vital blood.  
Appears d stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.

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- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their off rings bring,  
The priest with his own sacrifice  
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne:  
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,  
and sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,  
" Hosanna in the high't!  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

H Y M N 38. Common Metre.

*Love to God.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! tis all in vain,  
and all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too;  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings  
 When faith and hope shall cease ;  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
 Or leave this dark abode,  
 The wings of love bear us away  
 To see our smiling God.

H Y M N 39. Common Metre.

*The shortness and misery of life.*

1 OUR days, alas ! our mortal days  
 Are short and wretched too ;  
 " Evil, and few,"\* the patriarch says :  
 And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound  
 That heav'n allows to men,  
 And pains and sins run thro' the round  
 Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
 Run on, my days, in haste ;  
 Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
 Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,  
 And call her to the skies,  
 Where years of long salvation roll,  
 And glory never dies.

H Y M N 40. Common Metre.

*Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.*

1 OUR God ! how firm his promise stands !  
 Ev'n when he hides his face,  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
 His glory and his grace.

\* Gen. xlvii. 9.

- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and we are one?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess'd;  
I praise his name for grace receiv'd  
And trust him for the rest.

H Y M N 41. Long Metre.

*A sight of God mortifies us to the world.*

- 1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul,
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this world of guilt remove;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,  
On thy kind wings, celestial dove!
- 3 O might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies!  
What little things these worlds would be!  
How despicable to my eyes!]
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;  
Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.



- 6 Great All in All ! eternal King !  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

H Y M N 42. Common Metre.

*Delight in God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell  
Above, at thy right-hand !  
Thy courts below, how amiable,  
Where all thy graces stand.
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,  
And chirps a cheerful note ;  
The lark mounts upwards to thy skies,  
And tunes his warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,  
We shout with joyful tongues ;  
Or sitting round our Father's board,  
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,  
We sing and mount on high ;  
But if a frown becloud his face,  
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove  
Bemoan her widow'd state,  
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,  
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing  
In restless circles rove ;  
Just so we droop and hang the wing,  
When Jesus hides his love.]

## H Y M N 43. Long Metre.

*Christ's sufferings and glory.*

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !  
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above ;  
How swift and joyful was his flight,  
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth  
He came to raise our nature high ;  
He came t' atone almighty wrath ;  
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around ;  
His precious blood the monsters spilt !  
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,  
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay ;  
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, -ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs  
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains !

## H Y M N 44. Long Metre.

*Hell; or, The vengeance of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,  
The dreadful God our souls adore;  
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue  
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice hath built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of veng'ance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,  
Dy'd in blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race  
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,  
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;  
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;  
Else your damnation hastens on,  
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

## H Y M N 45. Long Metre.

*God's condescension to our worship.*

- 1 **T**HY favors, Lord, surprise our souls!  
Will the Eternal dwell with us?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus!

- 2 Still might he fill his starrv throne.  
 And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;  
 But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
 And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay  
 For love so infinite as thine !  
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;  
 But thy compaffion's all divine.

H Y M N 46. Long Metre.

*God's condescension to human affairt.*

- 1 **U**P to the Lord that reigns on high,  
 And view the nations from afar,  
 Let everlasting praises fly.  
 And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,  
 Or with his word or with his rod ;  
 His goodness how amazing great,  
 And what a condescending God !]
- 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,  
 And bow to see what angels do,  
 Down to our earth he casts his eyes,  
 And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,  
 And manages our mean affairs ;  
 On humble souls the King of kings  
 Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
 Into the bosom of our God ;  
 He hears us in the mournful hour,  
 And helps us bear the heavy load.

- 6 In vain might lofty princes try  
 Such condescension to perform !  
 For worms were never rais'd so high  
 Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise  
 A tribute equal to thy grace,  
 To the third heav'n our songs should rise,  
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

## H Y M N 47. Long Metre.

*Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !  
 Awake, my soul ; awake my tongue :  
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
 The brightest image of his grace ;  
 God, in the person of his Son,  
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,  
 Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God ;  
 And thy rich glories from afar,  
 Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
 The noblest labor of thine hands :  
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !  
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
 Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !

- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

H Y M N 48. Common Metre.

*Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too ;  
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.

- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God.

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense ?  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

H Y M N 49. Common Metre.

*Moses dying in the embraces of God.*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through its darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.

- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run, if I were call'd to go,  
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promis'd land,  
My flesh itself would long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.

## H Y M N 50. Long Metre.

*Comforts under sorrows and pains.*

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,  
And shew my name upon his heart ;  
I would forget my pains awhile,  
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But O ! it swells my sorrows high,  
To see my blessed Jesus frown ;  
My spirits sink, my comforts die,  
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?  
Still while he frowns, his bowels move ;  
Still on his heart he bears his saints,  
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;  
His book of life contains my name ;  
I'd rather have it there impres'd,  
Than in the bright records of fame.

- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,  
 Those letters shall securely stand,  
 And in the Lamb's fair book appear,  
 Written by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,  
 Whilst here I wait my Father's will,  
 My rising and my setting sun,  
 Roll gently up and down the hill.

## H Y M N 51. Long Metre.

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGH T King of glory, dreadful God!  
 Our spirits bow before thy seat;  
 To thee we lift an humble thought,  
 And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways,  
 All nature with a sov'reign word :  
 And the bright world of stars obeys  
 The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,  
 And smiling sit at thy right hand ;  
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
 And veng'ance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
 Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
 But who amongst the sons of light  
 Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,  
 Jesus array'd in flesh and blood,  
 Thinks it no robbery to claim  
 A full equality with God.



- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,  
Their essence is for ever one :  
Tho' they are known by different names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be ador'd ;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own the Lord.]

H Y M N 52. Common Metre.

*Death dreadful or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day  
To those that have no God,  
When the poor soul is forc'd away  
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ;  
But guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell ;  
Let stubborn sinners fear :  
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long for ever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face ;  
And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,  
That promis'd heav'n to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above  
Where happy spirits be.

- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand ;  
 Then come the joyful day ;  
 Come, death, and some celestial band,  
 To bear my soul away.

H Y M N 53. Common Metre.

*The pilgrimage of the saints ; or, Earth and  
 heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
 That yields us no supply,  
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
 Nor streams of living joy ?
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,  
 And mortal poisons grow ;  
 And all the rivers that are found,  
 With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
 Lies thro' this horrid land :  
 Lord ! we would keep the heav'nly road,  
 And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert thro'  
 With undiverted feet :  
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
 The terrors that we meet.]
- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey  
 Around the forest roam ;  
 But Judah's Lion guards the way,  
 And guides the strangers home.]
- [Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
 With scarce a twinkling ray ;  
 But the bright world to which we go  
 Is everlasting day.]

- 7 [By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,  
We trace the sacred road;  
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,  
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates  
Inviting us to come!  
There Jesus, the fore-runner, waits,  
To welcome trav'lers home!]
- 10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labors of our feet.
- 11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear;  
Infinite grace shall fill our song,  
And God rejoice to hear.]
- 12 Eternal glories to the King  
That brought us safely thro',  
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

H Y M N 54. Common Metre.

*God's presence is light in darkness.*

- 1 **MY** God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun!  
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.
- 3 'The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shews his heart is mine,  
 And whispers "I am his!"
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way  
 To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith;  
 Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

H Y M N 55. Common Metre.

*Frail life and succeeding eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name!  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we!
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As months and days increase;  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The years roll round, and steals away  
 The breath that first it gave;  
 Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
 We're trav'ling to the grave.]

- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe  
Attends on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
May they be found with God.

## H Y M N 56. Common Metre.

*The misery of being without God in this world; or,  
Vain prosperity.*

- 1 NO, I shall envy them no more  
Who grow profanely great,  
Tho' they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
Upon this earthly clod!  
Well, they may search the creature thro',  
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
And think your life your own,  
But death comes hast'ning on to you,  
To mow your glory down.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,  
 Away your spirit flies,  
 And no kind angel near your bed  
 To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
 And tell how bright you shine:  
 Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are your's,  
 And my Redeemer's mine.

H Y M N 57. Long Metre.

*The pleasures of a good conscience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they  
 Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!  
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
 Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,  
 Made up of innocence and love;  
 And soft and silent as the shades,  
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
 But fly not half so swift away:  
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
 And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
 Where groves of living pleasure grow!  
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
 But spend the day, and share the night,  
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys  
 That heav'n prepares for their delight.

- 5 While wretched we, like worms and moles,  
Lie grov'ling in the dust below:  
Almighty grace, renew our souls!  
And we'll aspire to glory too.

H Y M N 58. Common Metre.

*The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.*

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!  
And days, how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear;  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say, "They're here:"  
But only say, "They're past."]
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh:  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favors share;  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloth'd with love:  
While grace stands pointing out the road,  
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;  
All glory to the Lord!  
His mercy never knows a bound;  
And be his name ador'd!

- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

H Y M N 59. Common Metre.

*Paradise on earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,  
And sends his blessings through;  
That tells his saints of joys on high,  
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,  
That dust and worms may see't,  
And brings a glimpse of glory down,  
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,  
Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,  
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming Paradise of joy  
In this wild desert springs.  
And ev'ry sense I strait employ  
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,  
And each his glory shews;  
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,  
The fairest flow'r that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,  
And drink the pleasures down;  
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot.  
Of the eternal throne.]



- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!  
How soon my sins arise!  
And snatch the heav'nly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes.
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when  
The shining day appear,  
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,  
And guilt and darkness here?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies,  
My hasty feet would go,  
'There everlasting flow'rs arise,  
And joys unwith'ring grow.

## H Y M N 60. Long Metre.

*The truth of God the Promiser; or, The promises are our security.*

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To him that earth's foundation laid:  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm as the words his prophets give,  
Sweet words on which his children live;  
Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound  
That bid the new-made world go round:  
And stronger than the solid poles,  
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise!  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?  
Slowly, and as! our mind receives  
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty faith!  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own:
- 7 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the ruinable skies,  
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

H Y M N 61. Common Metre.

*A thought of death and glory.*

- 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands.  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 Oh! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead;

- BOOK 2.] H Y M N S. 103
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
  - 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,  
These fetters, and this load;  
And long for ev'ning to undress,  
That we may rest with God.]
  - 6 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray, and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

H Y M N 62. Common Metre.

*God the Thunderer; or, The last judgment and  
hell.\**

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts;  
And thou, O earth, adore:  
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts  
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;  
He makes the clouds his throne;  
There all his stores of lightning lie,  
Till veng'ance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breath out fiery streams,  
And from his awful tongue,  
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,  
When this incensed God  
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
And fling his wrath abroad.

*\* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder,  
August 29, 1697*

- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner, do?  
 He once defy'd the Lord!  
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,  
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
 To blast the rebel worm,  
 And beat upon his naked soul  
 In one eternal storm.

H Y M N 63. Common Metre.

*A funeral thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
 My ears attend the cry;  
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,  
 "Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes this clay must be your bed,  
 "In spite of all your towers;  
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
 "Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepared no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

H Y M N 64. Long Metre.

*God the glory and the defence of Zion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;  
 Thy holy courts are his abode:  
 Thou earthly palace of our God.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage;  
Like rising waves with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell;  
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.

## H Y M N 65. Common Metre.

*The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes,
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hur'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all:

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heav'nly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

H Y M N 66. Common Metre.

*A prospect of heaven makes death easy.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landskip o'er,  
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## H Y M N 67. Common Metre.

*God's eternal dominion.*

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view:  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we?  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

## H Y M N 68. Common Metre.

*The humble worship of heaven.*

- 1 FATHER, I long, I saint to see  
The place of thine abode:  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God!

- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight;  
But to abide in thine embrace,  
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,  
To gaze upon thy throne;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigor in,  
With wonder, and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear  
Th' adoring armies fall;  
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,  
Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host  
In duty and in bliss;  
While *less than nothing* I could boast,  
And *vanity* \* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie;  
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

H Y M N 69. Common Metre.

*The faithfulness of God in the promises.*

- 1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing,  
The mighty works, or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

\* Isaiah xi. 17.



- Book 2.] H I M N S. 171
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
  - 3 Proclaim, " Salvation from the Lord,  
" For wretched dying men;"  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.
  - 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.]
  - 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,  
And make them when he please;  
He speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfil his great decrees.
  - 6 His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.
  - 7 He said, " Let the wide heav'n be spread,"  
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;  
" Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,  
And he was Abra m's God.
  - 8 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, " Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.
  - 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heav'n secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.]

## H Y M N 70. Long Metre.

*God's dominion over the sea.*

Psalm cvii. 23, &amp;c.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!  
And one soft word of thy command,  
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,  
The sea divides, and owns its God;  
The stormy floods their Maker knew,  
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,  
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood,  
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep,  
On thy commands attendance keep;  
By thy permission sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,  
Leviathan lies still, and fears;  
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,  
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!  
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,  
Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee!  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,  
And some drink death among the waves:  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9 O, for some signal of thine hand!  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:  
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God that rules the sky.

*From the lxxth to the cviiith Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.*

H Y M N 71. Common Metre.

*Praise to God from all creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing,  
And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this human frame;  
But from his own immediate breath  
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,  
And fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,  
And wheels of nature roll;  
Praise him in your unwearied course  
Around the steady pole.

- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name,  
 The wide creation fills;  
 And his unbounded grandeur flies  
 Beyond the heav'nly hills.

H Y M N 72. Common Metre.

*The Lord's Day; or, The resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning whose young dawning rays  
 Beheld our rising God;  
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
 And leave his last abode!
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
 The dead Redeemer lay,  
 Till the revolving skies had brought  
 The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
 To hold our God in vain;  
 The sleeping conqueror arose,  
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
 These sacred hours we pay,  
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
 'The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise  
 To our victorious King;  
 Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
 With glad hosannas ring.]

H Y M N 73. Common Metre.

*Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual joy restored.*

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul sad tho'ts be gone,  
 And leave me to my joys;  
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
 And make a joytul noise.

- 2 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
And drown'd my head in tears,  
Till ſov'reign grace with ſhining rays  
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O, what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all divine,  
When Jeſus told me, I was his,  
And my Beloved, mine!
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,  
And breaks my peace in vain  
One glimpe, dear Saviour, of thy face  
Revivès my joys again.

## H Y M N 74. Short Metre.

*Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs; or,  
Complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
And theſe the thanks we owe?  
Thus to abuſe eternal love,  
Whence all our bleſſings flow!
- 2 To what a ſtubborn frame  
Hath ſin reduc'd our mind!  
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as ſtrangely kind?
- 3 [On us he bids the ſun  
Shed his reviving rays;  
For us the ſkies their circles run  
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men;  
But we more baſe, more brutiſh things,  
Rejeſt his eaſy reign.]

- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!  
And mould our souls afresh!  
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let past ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

H Y M N 75. Common Metre.

*Spiritual and eternal joy; or, The beatific sight of Christ.*

- 1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out brave;  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns  
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring;  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all thy graces spring.

- 6 Haste, my belov'd, fetch my soul  
Up to thy blest abode!  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see,  
My Saviour and my God.]

H Y M N 76. Common Metre.

*The resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues;  
To reach his blest abode;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heav'n and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

## H Y M N 77. Long Metre.

*The Christian warfare.*

- 1 [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite;  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grave  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march bondly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## H Y M N 78. Common Metre.

*Redemption by Christ.*

- 1 WHEN the first parents of our race  
Rebell'd and lost their God,  
And the infection of their sin  
Had tainted all our blood!



- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart  
Of the eternal Son;  
Descending from the heav'nly court,  
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw  
His most divine array,  
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil  
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,  
Redeem'd unhappy man,  
And rais'd the ruins of our race  
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
We joyfully resign;  
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,  
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thy honor shall for ever be  
The business of our days;  
For ever shall our thankful tongues  
Speak thy deserved praise.

## H Y M N 79. Common Metre.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darknefs thus,  
And brake our iron chains:  
Jefu had freed our captive souls  
From everlafting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
His curfed projects tries;  
We that were doom'd his endless flaves,  
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lafting f Silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises fpeak.
- 7 [Yes we will praise thee, deareft Lord!  
Our souls are all on flame;  
Hofanna round the fpacious earth  
To thine adored name.]
- 8 Angels! affift our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raife your higheft notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

## H Y M N 80. Short Metre.

*God's awful power and goodnefs.*

- 1 OH! the almighty Lord!  
How matchlefs is his pow'r!  
Remble, O earth, beneath his word,  
While all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings  
Bow low before his throne!  
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,  
Or he fhall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,  
And with amazing blows,  
He deals unfufferable pains  
On his rebellious foes.

- 4 Yet, everlasting God!  
We love to speak thy praise;  
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,  
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love  
Defend our Zion well,  
And heav'nly mercy walls us round  
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King  
That sits enthron'd above;  
Thus we adore the God of might,  
And bless the God of love.

## H Y M N 81. Common Metre.

*Our sin the cause of Christ's death.*

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see:  
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!  
What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
That thy fair body tore!  
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs  
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,  
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace:  
I'll wound my God no more:  
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,  
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms,  
From grace's magazine,  
And I'll proclaim eternal war  
With ev'ry darling sin.

## H Y M N 82. Common Metre.

*Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
And triumph in my God;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he plac'd,  
And on the rock of ages set  
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode  
Is wall'd around with grace;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing,  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

## H Y M N 83. Common Metre.

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,  
"Awake, my dreadful sword;  
"Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,  
"My fellow," saith the Lord.

- 2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread command,  
And armed, down she flies;  
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,  
And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But O, the wisdom and the grace  
That join with veng'ance now;  
He dies to save our guilty race,  
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his soul away,  
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high;  
Let ev'ry nation sing,  
And angels sound with endless joy  
The Saviour and the King.

## H Y M N 84. Short Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear  
Went deep into his side,  
And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.]

- 5 Down to the shades of death  
 He bow'd his awful head;  
 Yet he arose to live and reign  
 When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear  
 The crofs and nails no more;  
 For hell itself shakes at his name,  
 And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits,  
 High on the Father's throne;  
 The Father lays his veng'ance by,  
 And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine  
 With uncreated rays,  
 And bless his saints and angels eyes  
 To everlasting days.

H Y M N 85. Common Metre.

*Sufficiency of pardon.*

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,  
 Those mournful colours wear!  
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
 And nourish your despair.
- 2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed  
 The stars that fill the skies,  
 And aiming at th' eternal throne,  
 Like pointed mountains rise.
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond  
 The wide creation swell,  
 And hath its curs'd foundations laid  
 Low as the deeps of hell:
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows  
 Of never-failing grace;  
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
 The sacred flood increase:

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound;  
Now, if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.

5 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults,  
And paid'ning blood, that swells above  
Our follies, and our thoughts

H Y M N 86. Common Metre.

*Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.*

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!  
And like a violent sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!  
How loud the tempests roar!  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of ev'ry song.



## H Y M N 87. Common Metre.

*The divine glories above our reason.*

- 1 **H**OW wondrous great, how glorious bright  
Must our creator be,  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise  
I'ward the celestial throne:  
Fain would we see the blessed Three,  
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies:  
But still how far beneath thy feet  
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 4 [Lord! here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore,  
For the weak pinions of our mind  
Can stretch a thought no more.]
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise  
Above our lab'ring tongue;  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King,  
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,  
And sweet th' immortal string.

## H Y M N 88. Common Metre.

*Saivation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound:  
Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.



- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark doer we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

H Y M N 89. Common Metre.

*Christ's victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King!  
The prince of darkness flies,  
His troops rush headlong down to hell,  
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,  
And fright the rescu'd sheep;  
But heavy bars confine their pow'r  
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!  
All hail, incarnate love!  
Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame  
Thro' the wide world shall run,  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N 90. Common Metre.

*Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
"And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O help my unbelief.
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God! I fly!  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

H Y M N 91. Common Metre.

*The glory of Christ in heaven.*

- 1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brighted beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down:  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice  
To see him wear the crown.

- 4 Arch-angels sound his lofty praise  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And lay their highest honors down  
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,  
That once rude iron tore,  
High on a throne of light they stand,  
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around!]
- 7 This is the man, th' exalted man  
Whom we unseen adore;  
But when our eyes behold his face.  
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
To see thy blest'd abode;  
Our tongues rejoice in tones of praise  
To our incarnate God!
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,  
We long to leave our clay;  
And with thy fiery chariots, Lord,  
To fetch our souls away.]

H Y M N 92. Common Metre.

*The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.*

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

- 1 **S**HOUL to the Lord, and let our joys  
Thro' the whole nation run;  
Ye Christian skies, resound the noise  
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God! our souls admire;  
Thee our glad voices sing;  
And join with the celestial choir  
To praise th' eternal King.

- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,  
And on the starry skies  
Sits smiling at the weak designs  
Thine envious toes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,  
And with an awful frown  
Flings vast confusion on their plots,  
And shakes their Babel down,
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,  
And we the sacrifice:  
But gloomy caverns strove in vain  
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,  
Their treasons all betray'd:  
Praise to the Lord that broke the snare  
Their cursed hands had laid.
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell  
Still new rebellions try,  
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,  
And vex away and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land  
From their malicious pow'r:  
Let Christians with united songs  
Almighty grace adore.

H Y M N 93. Short Metre.

*God all, and in all.* Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love;  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis Paradise when thou art here;  
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

- 3 [The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace  
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll:  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire:  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

## H Y M N 94. Common Metre.

*God my only happiness.* Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all,  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.]

- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light:  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amongst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer shews his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we own our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode:  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compar'd to thee?  
Or what's my safety or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own;  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone,
- 8 Let others stretch their arms-like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore:  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

H Y M N 95. Common Metre.

*Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,  
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,  
My dear Redeemer bore!  
When knotty whips and jagged thorns  
His sacred body tore!

- 3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns  
In vain to I accuse:  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews:
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pos'd the veng'ance down  
Upon his guiltless head;  
Break, break, my heart! O burst mine eyes,  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, might grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

H Y M N 96. Common Metre.

*Distinguishing love; or. Angels punished, and  
men saved.*

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies,  
The rebel angels fell,  
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath  
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss  
Rebellious men was hurl'd;  
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave  
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 G love of infinite degree!  
Unmeasurable grace!  
Must heav'n's eternal darling die  
To save a trait'rous race?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless fire,  
While God forsakes his shining throne  
To raise us wretches higher?



- 5 O for this love let earth and skies  
 With hallelujahs ring,  
 And the full choir of human tongues  
 All hallelujahs sing.

H Y M N 97. Long Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,  
 And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;  
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,  
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,  
 That could distinguish rebels so!  
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud  
 For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,  
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;  
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise  
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

H Y M N 98. Common Metre.

*Hardness of heart complained of.*

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is!  
 How heavy here it lies!  
 Heavy and cold within my breast,  
 Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant sits  
 Upon this flinty throne,  
 And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep  
 Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
 Or taste the joys above!  
 This mountain presses down my faith,  
 And chills my flaming love.



- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,  
With all its heav'nly charms,  
This stubborn, this re'entless thing,  
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word  
Reb'ellious I have stood;  
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath  
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea!  
None but a bath of blood divine  
Can melt the flint away.

## H Y M N 99. Common Metre.

*The book of God's decrees.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abas'd before their God;  
Whate'er his sov'reign voice hath form'd  
He governs with a rod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages e'er the skies  
Were into motion brought,  
All the long years and worlds to come  
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm  
But's found in his decrees:  
He raises monarchs to their throne,  
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,  
'Tis he provides those rays;  
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,  
Nor vainly long to see  
The volumes of his deep decrees,  
What months are writ for me.

- 6 When he reveals the book of life,  
 O may I read my name  
 Amongst the chosen of his love,  
 The follow'rs of the Lamb.

H Y M N 100. Long Metre.

*The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.*

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,  
 How it distracts and tears my heart,  
 If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,  
 Should frown, and bid my soul "Depart,"
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,  
 Where shall I fly, but to thy breast?  
 For I have sought no other home;  
 For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here  
 Without some glimpses of thy face;  
 And heav'n, without thy presence there,  
 Will be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,  
 And hold my tho'ts aside from thee,  
 The shining hours of cheerful light  
 Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visits paid  
 Between my Saviour and my soul,  
 How dull the night! how sad the shade!  
 How mournfully the minutes roll!
- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon  
 To live, yet part with all my blood;  
 To breathe, when vital air is gone,  
 Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,  
 My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;  
 Dearer than all my passions are,  
 My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,  
Tortures and racks may tear them off;  
But they can never, never part  
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]
- 9 [My God! and can an humble child  
That loves thee with a flame so high,  
Be ever from thy face exil'd  
Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!—For thine own hands  
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,  
And in thy book the promise stands,  
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

## H Y M N 101. Common Metre.

*The world's three chief temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,  
We look on things below,  
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain, and dang'rous too.
- 2 [Honor's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death  
To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food,  
T' indulge a fordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,  
Are dang'rous snares to souls!  
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,  
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice;  
In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
 And tempts my heart anew:  
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

H Y M N 102. Long Metre.

*A happy resurrection.*

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,  
 But with a cheerful gasp resign  
 To the cold dungeon of the grave,  
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
 And crumble all my bones to dust;  
 My God shall raise my frame anew  
 At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,  
 Bring the delightful, dreadful day:  
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;  
 Thy ling'ring wheels how long they stay!
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see  
 The light of thy returning face,  
 And hear the language of those lips,  
 Where God hath shed his richest grace.]
- 5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,  
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,  
 That we may join in heav'nly joys,  
 And sing the triumph of the day.]

H Y M N 103. Common Metre.

*Christ's commission.* John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God  
 With new melodious songs;  
 Come, tender to almighty grace  
 The tributes of your tongues.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pity'd dying men,  
The Father sent his equal son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The veng'ance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry:  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace;  
We blis the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

H Y M N 104. Short Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **R** AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

H Y M N 105. Common Metre.

*Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?  
And do we yet rebel?  
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,  
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames,  
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear;"  
And strait the thunder stays:  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,  
Too long indulg'd our sin:  
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;  
No more will we obey:  
Stretch out, O God! thy conqu'ring hand,  
And drive thy foes away.

## H Y M N 106. Common Metre.

*Repentance at the cross.*

- 1 **O**H, if my soul was form'd for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on the curst tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucify'd my God;  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart hath so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'ers too.

## H Y M N 107. Common Metre.

*The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou sov'reign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "depart."



- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word,  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul afunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What, to be banish'd for my life,  
And yet forbid to die!  
To linger in eternal pain,  
Yet death for ever fly!]
- 5 O! wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus! I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Shew me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands!
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.]

H Y M N - 108. Common Metre.

*Access to the throne of grace by a mediator.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame:  
Our God appear'd consuming fire,  
And veng'ance was his name.



- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That calm'd his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss  
Are open'd by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And glory to th' eternal King  
That lays his fury by.

## H Y M N 109. Long Metre.

*The darkness of Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face  
In angry frowns, without a smile:  
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,  
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress  
We sail by faith, and not by sight;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
Thro' all the briars, and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still we must lean upon our God,  
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

## H Y M N 110. Short Metre.

*Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?  
 This mortal frame decay?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mould'ring in the clay.
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
 And often from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face  
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
 To Jesus dying love:  
 We would adore his grace below,  
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

## H Y M N 111. Common Metre.

*Thanksgiving for victory; or, God's dominion,  
 and our deliverance.*

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing,  
 The Lord assumes his throne;  
 Let Christians own the heav'nly King,  
 And make his glories known.

- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,  
From their high seats are hurl'd;  
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,  
And thunders thro' the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,  
Distributes mortal crowns;  
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,  
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,  
Are vanquish'd by his breath;  
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride  
Descend to wat'ry death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence  
To vex our happy land;  
Jehovah's name is our defence,  
Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 [Long may the king our sov'reign live  
To rule us by his word;  
And all the honors he can give  
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

## H Y M N 112. Long Metre.

*Angels ministering to Christ and the saints.*

- 1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height  
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!  
Angels, in all their robes of light,  
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,  
And swift as flames of fire they move,  
To manage his affairs of state,  
In works of vengeance, and of love.
- 3 His orders ran thro' all the hosts,  
Legions descend at his command;  
To shield and guard the Christian coasts,  
When foreign rage invades our land.

- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet  
Up to the gates of thine abode,  
Thro' all the dangers that we meet  
In travelling the heav'nly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,  
And thou shalt bide me rise and come;  
Send a beloved angel down  
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

H Y M M 113. Common Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon,  
How glorious to behold?  
The servants waiting round his throne,  
The iv'ry and the gold.
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines  
With far superior beams;  
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,  
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made  
His entrance on the earth,  
A shining army downward fled  
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,  
On the cold ground he lies,  
Behold a heav'nly form appears,  
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,  
Are all their legions giv'n;  
They wait upon his saints, and bring  
His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,  
To see a sinner turn;  
Then Satan has a captive lost,  
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,  
When he his angels sends  
Obstinate rebels to destroy,  
And gather in his friends.

8 O! could I say without a doubt,  
There shall my soul be found;  
Then let the great archangel shout,  
And the last trumpet sound.

H Y M N 114. Common Metre.

*Christ's death, victory, and dominion.*

1 **I** Sing my Saviour's wondrous death;  
He conquer'd when he fell;  
“ 'Tis finish'd,” said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.

2 “ 'Tis finish'd,” our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done;  
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When thro' the regions of the dead  
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord;  
To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
The veng'ance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye  
Await their sev'ral crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

## H Y M N 115. Common Metre.

*God the avenger of his saints; or, His kingdom  
supreme.*

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground  
Reigns the Creator, God;  
Wide as the whole creation's bound  
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state  
To him ascribe their crown,  
Render their homage at his feet,  
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,  
Your lofty thoughts are vain;  
He calls you gods, that awful name!  
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe  
Not dare to vex the just  
He puts on veng'ance like a robe,  
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,  
And think of heav'n with fear;  
The meanest saint that you despise  
Has an avenger there.

## H Y M N 116. Common Metre.

*Mercies and thanks.*

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
Who rose and left the dead?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From mine exalted head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have  
Shall be for ever thine:  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great  
That I should give him all.

## H Y M N 117. Long Metre.

*Living and dying with God present.*

- 1 I Cannot bear thine absence, Lord;  
My life expires if thou depart:  
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,  
Nor can I live on things so vile:  
Yet I will stay my Father's time,  
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace  
Let me resign my fleeting breath:  
And, with a smile upon my face,  
Pass the important hour of death.

## H Y M N 118. Long Metre.

*The priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,  
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries:  
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,  
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high:  
Behold, he lays his veng'ance by;  
And rebels that deserve his sword,  
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.



- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice:  
Now he appears before his God,  
And, for our pardon pleads his blood.

H Y M N 119. Common Metre.

*The holy scriptures.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage:  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown;  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows  
To quench my thirst of sin;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life  
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O! may thy counsels, mighty God!  
My roving feet command;  
Nor I forsake the happy road.  
That leads to thy right hand.



## H Y M N 120. Short Metre.

*The law and gospel joined in scripture.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe;  
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill  
Breaks out his fi'ry law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,  
And smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands;  
The pity of his melting heart,  
And veng'ance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,  
We draw our comfort hence:  
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,  
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucify'd,  
And here behold his blood;  
All arts and knowledges beside  
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly word,  
We take the offer'd grace,  
Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage  
Against a book divine,  
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,  
Where beams of mercy shine.

## H Y M N 121. Short Metre.

*The law and gospel distinguished.*

- 1 **T**HE law commands and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shews how vile our hearts have been;  
Only the gospel can express  
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce  
Against the man that fails but once!  
But in the gospel Christ appears,  
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
The life and comfort from the law!  
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:  
The man that trusts the promise lives.

## H Y M N 122. Long Metre.

*Retirement and meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sov'reign word, can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

H Y M N 123. Long Metres

*The benefit of public ordinances.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet, and we adore;  
We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn;  
United groans ascend on high;  
And prayer bears a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage and sin grows strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word;  
We gird the gospel-armour on,  
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,  
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)  
Here doth the righteous Sun arise  
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side;  
But if my feet must hence depart  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

H Y M N 124. Common Metre,  
*Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.*

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,  
 On holy Sinai giv'n,  
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,  
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis to the blood which Aaron spilt,  
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
 Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath  
 At God's immediate will;  
 And in the desert yields to death  
 Upon th' appointed hill.
- 4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side  
 The tribes of Isr'al stand,  
 While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd  
 Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 Isra'l rejoice, now Joshua \* leads,  
 He'll bring your tribes to rest;  
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds  
 The ruler and the priest.

H Y M N 125. Long Metre.

*Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n  
 To souls that mourn the sins they've done;  
 Children of wrath, made heirs of heav'n  
 By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch who never felt  
 The inward pangs of pious grief,  
 But adds to all his crying guilt  
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.

\* *Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.*

- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies;  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
And with a double veng'ance dies.

H Y M N 126. Common Metre.

*God glorified in the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,  
Invites his children near;  
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,  
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,  
Fresh wisdom we pursue;  
A thousand angels learn thy name,  
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
Thy wonders here we trace;  
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,  
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
To our incarnate God!  
And thy revenging justice shows  
Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
Our warmer thoughts employs,  
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
And more exalts our joys.

H Y M N 127. Long Metre,

*Circumcision and baptism.*

(Written only for those who practise Infant Baptism.)

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'am pass  
Under the bloody seal of grace;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
Till Christ the painful bondage broke:

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove  
His Father's cov'nant, and his love!  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood;  
Their children set apart for God:  
His spirit on their offspring shed,  
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice  
In this large covenant rejoice:  
Young children, in their early days,  
Shall give the God of Abra'am praise.

H Y M N 128. Common Metre.

*Corrupt nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence  
Adam our father stood,  
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
And eat th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclin'd;  
Reason hath lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns;  
Sin is the sweetest good;  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;  
Our broken pow'rs restore:  
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

## H Y M N 129. Long Metre

*We walk by faith, not by sight.*

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light,
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',  
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,  
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'am, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## H Y M N 130. Common Metre.

*The new creation.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son  
Doth his own glories shew;  
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,  
"And the old Adam dies;  
"My hands a new foundation lay;  
"See the new world arise!
- 3 "I'll be a sun of righteousness  
"To the new heav'ns I make;  
"None but the new-born heirs of grace  
"My glories shall partake."



- 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free  
From my old state of sin;  
O, make my soul alive to thee;  
Create new pow'rs within!
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,  
And mould my heart afresh;  
Give me new passions, joys and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin and earth, and hell;  
In the new world that grace has made  
I would for ever dwell.

H Y M N 131. Long Metre.

*The excellency of the Christian religion.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,  
And search from Britain to Japan,  
There shall be no religion found  
So just to God, so safe to man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon:  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy commands!  
Thy promises, how firm they be!  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss,  
Cou'd raise such pleasures in the mind;  
Nor does the Turkish paradise  
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]



- 6 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

H Y M N 132. Common Metre.

*The offices of Christ.*

- 1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted King;  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,  
Who saves by diff'rent ways;  
His mercies lays a sov'reign claim  
To our immortal praise.

H Y M N 133. Long Metre.

*The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger, and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

H Y M N 134. Common Metre.

*Circumcision abolished.*

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free;  
Extensive was the grace;  
"I will the God of Abra'am be,  
"And of his num'rous race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal  
Confirm'd the words he spoke,  
Long did the sons of Abra'am feel  
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,  
Gave his own flesh to bleed;  
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,  
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra'am claims our praise;  
His promises endure;  
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways  
Makes the salvation sure.

H Y M N 135. Long Metre.

*Types and prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!  
Behold the great Messiah come!  
Behold the prophets all agreed  
To give him the superior room!

- 2 Abra'am, the saint, rejoic'd of old  
When visions of the Lord he saw;  
Moses, the man of God, foretold  
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,  
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;  
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,  
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet  
To join their blessings on his head:  
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,  
And nations own the promis'd seed.

H Y M N 136. Long Metre.

*Miracles at the birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son  
To make his entrance on this earth;  
Behold the midnight bright as noon,  
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head  
What wonders and what glories meet!  
An unknown star arose, and led  
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire  
The infant-Saviour to proclaim;  
Inward they felt the sacred fire,  
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,  
And treat the holy child with scorn;  
Our souls adore th' eternal God,  
Who condescended to be born.

## H Y M N 137. Long Metre.

*Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!  
Behold, the dead awake and live!  
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of the Son!  
The Father vindicates his cause,  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning stood;  
He rises, and appears a God:  
Behold the Lord ascending high  
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart;  
And to those hands my soul resign  
Which bear credentials so divine.

## H Y M N 138. Long Metre.

*The power of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above:  
Jehovah here resolves to shew  
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,  
To heal diseases of the mind!  
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;  
Sinners obey the voice, and live:  
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,  
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,  
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;  
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controuls,  
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name  
Put on the nature of the lamb;  
While the wide world esteems it strange,  
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;  
The word that saves me does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

H Y M N 139. Long Metre.

*The example of Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord!  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters,
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such diff'rence to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine,
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here:  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the follow'rs of the Lamb.

## H Y M N 140. Common Metre.

*The examples of Christ and the saints.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
'T heir triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern giv'n,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shew the same path to heav'n.

## H Y M N 141. Common Metre.

*Faith assisted by sense; or, Preaching, baptism,  
and the Lord's supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my Sov'reign Prince,  
Reigns far above the skies!  
But brings his graces down to sense,  
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
They read and hear his word:  
My touch and taste shall do the same,  
When they receive the Lord.

- 3 Baptismal water is design'd  
To seal his cleansing grace,  
While at his feast of bread and wine.  
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood  
Can make my flesh so clean,  
As by his Spirit and his blood  
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats or noblest wines  
So much my heart refresh,  
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,  
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low  
To give his word a seal:  
But the rich grace his hands bestow  
Exceeds the figures still.

H Y M N 142. Short Metre.

*Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away:  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.



- 5 Believing we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love,

H Y M N 143. Common Metre.

*Flesh and spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin  
 Attend our mortal state;  
 I hate the thoughts that work within,  
 And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
 While sin and Satan reign:  
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
 For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light  
 Till perfect day arise;  
 Water and fire maintain the fight  
 Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,  
 And vex and break my peace;  
 But I shall quit this mortal life,  
 And sin for ever cease.

H Y M N 144. Long Metre.

*The effusion of the Spirit; or, The success of the gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When the divine disciples met;  
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!  
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!  
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,  
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.



- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,  
From east to west, from south to north;  
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause:  
"Go, spread the mystry of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low?
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude.  
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace! my heart subdued;  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

H Y M N 145. Common Metre.

*Sight through a glass, and face to face.*

- 1 I Love the windows of thy grace,  
Thro' which my Lord is seen.  
And long to meet my Saviour's face,  
Without a glass between.
- 2 O, that the happy hour was come,  
To change my faith to sight!  
I shall behold my Lord at home  
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove  
These interposing days;  
Then shall my passions all be love,  
And all my powers be praise.

## H Y M N 146. Long Metre.

*The vanity of creatures ; or, No rest on earth.*

- 1 **M**AN hath a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with restless fires;  
Toft to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind;  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

## H Y M N 147. Common Metre.

*The creation of the world. Gen. i.*

- 1 “ **N**OW let a spacious world arise,”  
Said the Creator-Lord;  
At once th' obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay  
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:  
He call'd the light; the new-born day  
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;  
The clouds ascend, and bear  
The wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
And float on softer air.

- 4 The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his hand;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, (a flow'ry birth)  
The naked globe he crown'd,  
E're there was rain to bless the earth,  
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;  
Behold the sun appears,  
The moon and stars in order rise,  
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King  
Did vital beings frame,  
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And fish of ev'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm  
At once their wondrous birth,  
And grazing beasts of various form,  
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,  
Tho' sov'reign of the rest;  
Design'd for nobler ends than they,  
With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye  
The young creation stood;  
He saw the building from on high,  
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,  
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:  
But the new world of grace demands  
A more exalted song.

## H Y M N 148. Common Metre.

*God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus, and my God,  
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find:  
The holy, just, and sacred Three,  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins:  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

## H Y M N 149. Common Metre.

*Honor to magistrates; or, Government from God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,  
And Lord of all below,  
We mortals to thy majesty,  
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
And bless thy providence  
For magistrates of meaner name,  
Our glory and defence.

3 [The crowns of right'ous princes shine  
With rays above the rest,  
Where laws and liberties combine  
To make the nation blest'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,  
While virtue finds reward;  
And sinners perish from the land  
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid  
To Cæsar and his throne;  
But consciences and souls were made  
To be the Lord's alone.

H Y M N 150. Common Metre.

*The deceitfulness of sin.*

1 **S**IN hath a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practise on the mind;  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence;  
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair  
Grew the forbidden food;  
Our mother took the poison there.  
And tainted all her blood.

## H Y M N 151. Long Metre.

*Prophecy and inspiration.*

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophet spoke his word;  
His spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought,  
Confirm'd the messages they brought;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath;  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name, who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind:  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

## H Y M N 152. Common Metre.

*Sinai and Zion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.*

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke,  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light!  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to fight!

- 4 Behold the blest'd assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heav'n!  
And God, the judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ their living head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest.

H Y M N 153. Common Metre.

*The destemper, folly, and madness of sin.*

- 1 **SIN**, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood:  
The only balm is sov'reign grace,  
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death.  
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage;  
Till God's own Son with skill divine  
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise:  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell;  
But heav'n prevents the fall.]



- 6 [The man possess'd, among the tombs  
Cuts his own flesh and cries:  
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,  
And the foul spirit flies.]

H Y M N 154. Long Metre.

*Self-righteousness insufficient.*

- 1 " **W**HERE are the mourners,\* saith the Lord,  
" That wait and tremble at my word?  
" That walk in darkness all the day!  
" Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 " [No works nor duties of your own  
" Can for the smallest sin atone;  
" † The robes that nature may provide,  
" Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 " The softest couch that nature knows  
" Can give the conscience no repose:  
" Look to my righteousness, and live:  
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
- 4 " Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals  
" With your own hands to warm your souls,  
" Walk in the light of your own fire,  
" Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:
- 5 " This is your portion at my hands,  
" Hell waits you with her iron bands,  
" Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,  
" In death, in darkness, and despair."

H Y M N 155. Common Metre.

*Christ our passover.*

- 1 **L**O! the destroying angel flies  
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;  
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies  
By his vindictive hand.

\* Isaiah l. 10, 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 20.



- 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,  
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;  
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,  
And blest'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,  
To break th' Egyptian yoke;  
Thus Isra'l is from bondage freed,  
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too  
With blood so rich as thine,  
Justice no longer would pursue  
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,  
And has at once procur'd  
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,  
And God's avenging sword.

H Y M N 156. Common Metre.

*Presumption and despair; or, Satan's various temptations.*

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms  
'To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption, or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis  
"To walk the road to heav'n;"  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

- 4 [He bids young sinners, " Yet forbear  
 " To think of God or death:  
 " For prayer and devotion are  
 " But melancholy breath."  
 5 He tells the aged, " They must die!  
 " And 'tis too late to pray;  
 " In vain for mercy now they cry,  
 " For they have lost their day." ]  
 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne  
 By mischief and deceit,  
 And drags the sons of Adam down  
 To darkness and the pit.  
 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,  
 Let him in darkness dwell;  
 And that he vex the earth no more,  
 Confine him down to hell.

H Y M N 157. Common Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,  
 And threatens to destroy;  
 He worries whom he can't devour  
 With a malicious joy.  
 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;  
 Resist, and he'll be gone;  
 Thus did our dearest Lord engage,  
 And vanquish him alone.  
 3 Now he appears almost divine,  
 Like innocence and love;  
 But the old serpent lurks within  
 When he assumes the dove.  
 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,  
 Ye sons of Adam, fly:  
 Our parents found the snare too strong,  
 Nor should the children try.

## H Y M N 158. Long Metre.

*Few saved; or, The almost christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow'r path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a faint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;  
Which false apostates never knew.

## H Y M N 159. Common Metre.

*An unconverted state; or, Converting grace.*

- 1 [**G**REAT King of glory and of grace!  
We own with humble shame,  
How vile is our degen'rate race,  
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,  
The poison reigns within;  
Makes us averse to all that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,  
And then reject thy grace:  
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,  
Against our Maker's face.]

- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,  
And love the distance well;  
With haste we run the dang'rous road  
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd?  
Such natures made divine!  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this pow'r of thine,
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends,  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends.

H Y M N 160. Long Metre.

*Custom in sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild leapards of the wood  
Put off the spots that nature gives!  
Then may the wicked turn to God,  
And change their tempers, and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
Wash out the darkness of their skin;  
The dead as well may leave their graves,  
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
'Twill not endure the least controul;  
None but a pow'r divinely strong  
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,  
That works to change this heart of mine;  
I would be form'd a-new, and blest  
The wonders of creating grace,

## H Y M N 161. Common Metre.

*Christian virtues; or, The difficulty of conversion.*

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait  
That leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crouds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must he deny'd,  
The mind and will renew'd,  
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,  
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,  
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,  
(That vile idolatry)  
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,  
Requires a strong restraint:  
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,  
And pray, but never faint]
- 6 Lord! can a feeble helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

## H Y M N 162. Common Metre.

*The meditation of heaven; or, The joys of faith.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.

- 2 'There I behold with sweet delight  
The blessed Three in One;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings;  
How short our sorrows are!  
When with eternal, future things,  
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell,  
Near my Redeemer's face.

H Y M N 163. Common Metre.

*Complaint of desertion and temptation.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore distress,  
Our sins attempt to reign;  
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,  
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar  
Affrights thy feeble sheep:  
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,  
And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair?  
Shall our petitions die?  
Our mournings never reach thine ear,  
Nor tears affect thine eye?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,  
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;  
An Advocate so near the throne  
Pleads and prevails with God.

- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword  
To slay our deadly foes:  
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,  
And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,  
In height, and depth, and length!  
He made his Son our righteousness,  
His Spirit is our strength.

## H Y M N 164. Common Metre.

*The end of the world.*

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,  
And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground?

## H Y M N 165. Common Metre.

*Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!



- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My mem'ry can retain!
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne!]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!]
- 5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.]

H Y M N 166. Common Metre.

*The divine perfections.*

- 1 **H**OW shal' I praise th' eternal God,  
That infinite unknown!  
Who can ascend his high abode,  
Or venture near his throne!
- 2 [The great Invisible! he dwells  
Conceal'd in dazzling light;  
But his all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.]
- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,  
Survey the world around!  
His wisdom is a boundless deep,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]



- 4 [Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,  
To save or to destroy;  
Infinite years his life prolong,  
And endless is his joy.]
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,  
Nor alters his decrees;  
Firm as a rock his truth remains,  
To guard his promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his presence die:  
How holy is his name!  
His anger and his jealousy  
Burn like devouring flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne  
Maintains the rights of God,  
While mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King!  
Speak some forgiving word;  
Then 'twill be double joy to sing  
The glories of my Lord.

H Y M N 167. Long Metre.

*The divine perfections.*

- 1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ  
My holy fear, my humble joy;  
My lips in songs of honor bring  
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his throne;  
All nature hangs upon his word,  
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
- 3 [His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows!  
If he commands, who dare oppose?  
With strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

- 4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,  
Or guide the counsels of his will?  
His wisdom, like a sea divine,  
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]
- 5 [His name is holy, and his eye  
Burns with immortal jealousy;  
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds  
His fiery veng'ance on their heads.]
- 6 [The beamings of his piercing sight  
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;  
Death and destruction naked lie,  
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
- 7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;  
His justice with impartial hands  
Divides to all their due reward,  
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]
- 8 [His mercy like a boundless sea,  
Washes our load of guilt away;  
While his own Son came down and dy'd,  
'T' engage his justice on our side.]
- 9 [Each of his words demands my faith;  
My soul can rest on all he saith;  
His truth inviolably keeps,  
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 O, tell me with a gentle voice,  
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice:  
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim  
The brightest honors of thy name.

H Y M N 168. Long Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty!  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;  
His justice guards his holy law;  
His love reveals a smiling face,  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his works, his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend!  
Then let my songs with angels join;  
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

## H Y M N 169.

*The same as the cxlviiiith Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty;  
His glories shine  
With beams so bright,  
No mortal eye  
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law;  
And where his love  
Resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms  
And seals the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines,  
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
And breaks their curs'd designs:

Strong is his arm,  
And shall fulfil  
His great decrees,  
His sov'reign will

- 4 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend!  
And will he writ his name,  
“My Father and my Friend?”  
I love his name!  
I love his word!  
Join all my pow'rs,  
And praise the Lord.

H Y M N 170. Long Metre.

*God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

- 1 [CAN creatures to perfection find  
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?  
Or can the largest stretch of thought  
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell:  
And what can mortals know or tell?  
His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;  
Born like a wild young colt, he flies  
Thro' all the follies of his mind,  
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a King, of pow'r unknown:  
Firm are the orders of his throne:  
If he resolve who dare oppose,  
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;  
He calms the tempest of the soul:  
When he shuts up in long despair,  
Who can remove the heavy bar?

\* Job xi. 7, &c.

- 6 † He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon;  
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon;  
‡ The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof  
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;  
He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And ſmites the ſons of pride in death.
- 8 Theſe are a portion of his ways;  
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?  
Who can endure his light, or ſtand  
To bear the thunders of his hand?

† Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK:

H Y M N S,  
AND  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

*Prepared for the Lord's Supper.*

H Y M N I. Long Metre.

*The Lord's Supper instituted.* 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Be'ore the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;  
What love thro' all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;  
"Receive and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:  
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy veng'ance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave a soul a sacrifice.]

- 6 " Do this, (he cry'd) till time shall end,  
 " In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
 " Meet at my table, and record  
 " The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 [Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,  
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
 Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

## H Y M N 2. Short Metre.

*Communion with Christ, and with saints.*

- 1 [JESUS invites his saints  
 To meet around his board;  
 Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold  
 Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gave his flesh;  
 He bids us drink his blood;  
 Amazing favor, matchless grace  
 Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
 Maintains our fainting breath,  
 By union with our living Lord,  
 And int'rest in his death ]
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls  
 Christ and his members one;  
 We the young children of his love,  
 And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts  
 Of the same broken bread;  
 One body hath its sev'ral limbs,  
 But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd  
 His glorious name to raise:  
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

## H Y M N 3. Common Metre.

*The New Testament in the blood of Christ; or,  
The new covenant sealed.*

- 1 “ THE promise of my Father’s love  
“ Shall stand for ever good:”  
He said, and gave his soul to death,  
And seal’d the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov’nant of thy word  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal th’ engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard’ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my pow’rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
’Twas purchas’d with a dying groan,  
And ratify’d in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem’ry of his name  
Who bless’d us in his will,  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own life the seal.

## H Y M N 4. Common Metre.

*Christ’s dying love; or, Our pardon bought at a  
dear price.*

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God’s eternal Son!  
Our mis’ry reach’d his heav’nly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [Then justice, by our sins provok’d,  
Drew forth his dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
Without a murm’ring word.



- 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne:  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great:  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,  
As kind as when he dy'd,  
And see the sorrows of his soul  
Bleed through his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love;  
Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.]
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## H Y M N 5. Common Metre.

*Christ the bread of life.* John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,  
'Tis he our souls hath fed:  
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
And 'hou th' immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,  
But Jesus from above,  
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
And rivers flow with love.

- 3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,  
 Who eat the heav'nly bread;  
 But these provisions which we taste  
 Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh  
 To nourish dying men;  
 And often spreads his table fresh,  
 Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
 While Jesus finds supplies:  
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
 For Jesus never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
 But Christ our life shall come;  
 His unresisted pow'r shall raise  
 Our bodies from the tomb.]

H Y M N 6. Long Metre.

*The memorial of our absent Lord.*

John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
 Where our weak senses reach him not;  
 And carnal objects court our eyes,  
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
 Apt to forget his lovely face;  
 And to refresh our minds, he gave  
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread  
 With his own flesh and dying blood;  
 We on the rich provision feed,  
 And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
 And earth grow less in our esteem;  
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
 And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills  
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
 To fetch our longing spirits home.]

H Y M N 7. Long Metre.

*Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.*

Galatians vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
 Then am I dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N 8. Common Metre.

*The tree of life.*

- 1 [**C**OME, let us join a joyful tune,  
 To our exalted Lord,  
 Ye saints on high around his throne,  
 And we around his board.

- 2 While once upon this lower ground,  
Weary and faint ye stood,  
What dear refreshments here ye found  
From this immortal food!
- 3 The tree of life, that near the throne,  
In heav'n's high garden grows,  
Laden with grace bends gently down  
Its ever-smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands  
The sweet celestial dove,  
And Jesus on the branches hangs  
The banner of his love.]
- 5 ['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,  
While in his shade we sit;  
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,  
And to the taste is sweet.
- 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,  
And cheers the drooping mind;  
Vigor and joy the juice imparts  
Without a sting behind.]
- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand  
And guard all Eden's trees;  
'There's ne'er a plant in all that land  
That bears such fruits as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,  
Whose wondrous hand has made  
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r  
'To raise and heal the dead.

H Y M N 9. Short Metre.

*The Spirit, the water, and the blood.*

1 John v. 6.

- 1 [LET all our tongues be one  
To praise our God on high,  
Who from his bosom sent his Son  
To fetch us strangers nigh.

- 2 Nor let our voices cease  
To sing the Saviour's name;  
Jesus, th' ambaffador of peace,  
How cheerfully he came.
- 3 It coft him cries and tears  
To bring us near to God;  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.]
- 4 My Saviour's pierced fide  
Pour'd out a double flood;  
By water we are purify'd,  
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,  
But he, our priest, atones;  
On the cold ground his life was fpilt,  
And offer'd with his groans.
- 6 Look up, my foul, to him,  
Whofe death was thy defert,  
And humbly view the living ftream  
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There on the curfed tree  
In dying pangs he lies,  
Fulfils his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants fupplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood;  
And when the Spirit fpeaks the fame,  
We feel his witnefs good.
- 9 While the eternal Three  
Bear their record above,  
Here I believe he dy'd for me,  
And feal my Saviour's love.
- 10 [Lord, cleanfe my foul from fin;  
Nor let thy grace depart;  
Great Comforter, abide within,  
And witnefs to my heart.]

## H Y M N 10. Long Metre.

*Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;  
And ev'ry labor of his hands  
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete;  
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and veng'ance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown:  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

## H Y M N 11. Common Metre.

*Pardon brought to our senses.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,  
And sweetest glories shine;  
There Jesus says, that "I am his,  
" And my beloved's mine.

- 3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side)  
"See here the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain:  
"All this (says he) I bore for thee;"  
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King  
For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these  
Be founded all abroad;  
Such favors are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood  
Be everlasting praise;  
Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.]

H Y M N 12. Long Metre.

*The gospel feast.* Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!  
Thy table furnish'd from above!  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
Were first invited to the feast:  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh:  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.



- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
That left the heav'n of his abode,  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wand'ers back to God?
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives;  
To buy our souls it cost his own;  
And all the unknown joys he gives,  
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due  
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;  
And pity'd rebels, when he knew  
The vast expense his love would cost.]

H Y M N 13. Common Metre.

*Divine love making a feast, and calling in the  
guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here every bowels of our God  
With soft compassion rolls:  
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
"And enter while there's room;  
"When thousands make a wretched choice,  
"And rather starve than come?"]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forc'd us in;  
Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.



- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God!  
 Constrain the earth to come:  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.  
 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
 That all the chosen race  
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
 Sing thy redeeming grace.]

H Y M N 14. Long Metre.

*The song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28: or, A sight of  
 Christ makes death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,  
 We would forget all earthly charms,  
 And wish to die, as Simeon wou'd,  
 With his young Saviour in his arms.  
 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,  
 Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;  
 Our souls still willing to be gone,  
 And at thy word depart in peace.  
 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,  
 And view'd salvation with our eyes,  
 Tasted and felt the living word,  
 The bread descending from the skies.  
 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,  
 Hast set his blood before our face,  
 To teach the terrors of thy name,  
 And shew the wonders of thy grace.  
 5 He is our light, our morning star  
 Shall shine on nations yet unknown;  
 The glory of thine Isra'l here,  
 And joy of spirits near thy throne.

H Y M N 15. Common Metre.

*Our Lord Jesus at his own table.*

- 1 [THE men'ry of our dying Lord  
 Awakes a thankful tongue:  
 How rich he spread his royal board,  
 And blest'd the food, and sung:

- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread;  
But doubly blest was he  
That gently bow'd his loving head,  
And lean'd it, Lord on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste  
As that great fav'rite did  
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,  
And take the heav'nly bread.]
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,  
Hither the King descends;  
"Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries)  
"And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 ["My flesh is food and physic too,  
"A balm for all your pains:  
"And the red streams of pardon flow  
"From these my pierced veins."]
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love  
For such a feast below!  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,  
That brings our souls to rest!  
Then we shall need these types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

H Y M N 16. Common Metre.

*The agonies of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine?  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of love;  
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,  
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise;  
While sitting round his board;  
And back to Calvary she flies,  
To view her groaning Lord.

- 4 His soul what agonies it felt  
 When his own God withdrew!  
 And the large load of all our guilt  
 Lay heavy on him too!
- 5 But the divinity within  
 Supported him to bear:  
 Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,  
 And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice join'd and wrought,  
 The wonders of that day:  
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
 Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
 Could we our voices raise;  
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
 And all our lives be praise.

## H Y M N 17. Short Metre.

*Incomparable food; or, The flesh and blood of Christ.*

- 1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds  
 That grace divine performs;  
 Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds  
 To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul-reviving wine,  
 Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;  
 We thank that sacred flesh of thine  
 For this immortal food.]
- 3 The banquet that we eat  
 Is made of heav'nly things!  
 Earth hath no dainties half so sweet  
 As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had Adam sought,  
 And search'd his garden round;  
 For there was no such blessed fruit  
 In all that happy ground.

- 5 Th' angelic host above  
Can never taste this food;  
They feast upon their Maker's love,  
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' almighty Lord  
Bestows this matchless grace,  
And meets us with some cheering word,  
With pleasure in his face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,  
And banquet with the King;  
This wine will drown your sad complaints,  
And tune your voice to sing.
- 8 Salvation to the name  
Of our adored Christ;  
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,  
His glory in the high'st.

H Y M N 18. Long Metre.

*The same.*

- 1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet:  
Thy table is divinely stor'd;  
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,  
'Tis living bread, we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;  
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine,  
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd  
From that dear bleeding heart of thine,
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,  
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:  
In vain we search the globe around.  
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best  
But cheer the heart, or warm the head:  
But the rich cordial that we taste  
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the master of the feast;  
His name our souls for ever bless;  
To God the King, and God the Priest,  
A loud hosanna round the place.

H Y M N 19. Long Metre.

*Glory in the cross; or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast;  
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd,
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And sling their scandals on thy cause;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead hath left his tomb,  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

H Y M N 20. Common Metre.

*The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, The tree of life, and river of love.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
And sing the solemn feast,  
Where sweet celestial dainties stand  
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board  
With rich immortal fruit,  
And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;  
The fountain flows above,  
And runs down streaming for our use,  
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art  
The pleasures well refin'd;  
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,  
And cheer the drooping mind.

- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
 Ye saints that taste his wine:  
 Join with your kindred saints above,  
 In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God  
 That gives such joys as this;  
 Hosanna! let it sound abroad,  
 And reach where Jesus is.

H Y M N 21. Common Metre.

*The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin,  
 and death, and hell.*

- 1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise,  
 And join the songs above the sky,  
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,  
 And conquer'd when he fell;  
 That rose, and at his chariot wheels  
 Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]
- 3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here  
 To this triumphal feast.  
 And brings immortal blessings down  
 For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!  
 How kind his smiles appear!  
 And O! what melting words he says  
 To ev'ry humble ear!
- 5 "For you, the children of my love,  
 "It was for you I dy'd!  
 "Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
 "And look into my side.
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 "The tokens of my pains,  
 "When I came down to free your souls  
 "From misery and chains.

- 7 " [Justice unsheath'd its fi'ry sword  
" And plung'd it in my heart;  
" Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
" And most tormenting smart.
- 8 " When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs  
" Stood dreadful in my way,  
" To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
" I gave my own away.
- 9 " But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,  
" I ruin'd Satan's throne;  
" High on my cross I hung and spy'd  
" The monster tumbling down.
- 10 " Now you must triumph at my feast,  
" And taste my flesh, my blood;  
" And live eternal ages blest'd,  
" For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay  
For favors so divine!  
We would devote our hearts away  
To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
The tribute of our tongues;  
But themes so infinite as these  
Exceed our noblest songs.

H Y M N 22. Long Metre.

*The compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 O UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;  
O, that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as his name,  
And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found!  
The Prince of Heav'n resign'd his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;  
He from the threat'nings set us free,  
Bore the full veng'ance on his cross,  
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]



- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,  
And Sinai's thunder rolls no more;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,  
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;  
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins  
O Jesus, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive  
To speak compassion so divine;  
Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine.

H Y M N 23. Common Metre.

*Grace and glory by the death of Christ.*

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath;  
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross  
Piccure us heav'nly crowns:  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;  
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O! 'tis impossible that we  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

H Y M N 24. Common Metre.

*Pardon and strength from Christ.*

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine;  
The Lord will his own table bless  
And make the feast divine.

- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky;  
Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
He bought a large supply.
- 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast;  
We love the mem'ry of his name  
More than the wine we taste.]

H Y M N 25. Common Metre.

*Divine glories and graces.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd!  
Great God! how bright they shine,  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine.
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace,  
On this great sacrifice;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heav'n directs her sight,  
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
And warmer pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy:  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.

- 6 Dear Saviour change our faith to sight,  
 Let sin for ever die;  
 Then shall our souls be all delight,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry.

*I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patri, be retained in our nation from the Roman church: and, though there may be some excesses of superstitious honor paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ hath so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ in the same manner, and for the same end.*

### DOXOLOGIES.

*A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

H Y M N 26. 1st. Long Metre.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joys above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
 From whose dear wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, we adore;  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom, or a shore.

## H Y M N 27. Common Metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,  
Who, from our sinful race  
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim  
The honors of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,  
Who dwelt in humble clay,  
And, to redeem us from the dead,  
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God, the Spirit give,  
From whose almighty pow'r  
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,  
And blest the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,  
Th' eternal Three and One,  
Who by the wonders of his love  
Has made his nature known.

## H Y M N 28. 1st. Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live  
For ever on our tongues:  
Sinners from his first love derive  
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath  
In honor to the Son,  
Who brought your souls from hell and death,  
By off'ring up his own.

- 3 Give to the Spirit praise  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace convey  
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter  
Reveals our pardon'd sin,  
O may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,  
That seal this grace in heav'n,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal glory giv'n.

H Y M N 29. 2d. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,  
Whose name hath mysteries unknown;  
In essence One, in persons Three;  
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd  
The honors of thy name to raise,  
Thy glories over-match our mind,  
And angels faint beneath the praise.

H Y M N 30. 2d. Common Metre.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,  
Who calls our souls from death;  
Who saves by his redeeming word,  
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, all divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

H Y M N 31. 2d. Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's name,  
Have honor, love, and fear!  
To God the Saviour, pay the same,  
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,  
Thy mercy we adore;  
The Son of thine eternal love,  
And spirit of thy pow'r.

H Y M N 32. 3d. Long Metre.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And' God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

-H Y M N 33. *Or thus,*

**A**LL glory to thy wondrous name,  
Father of mercy, God of love;  
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,  
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

H Y M N 34. 3d. Common Metre.

**N**OW let the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

H Y M N 35. *Or thus:*

**H**ONOR to thee, almighty Three,  
And everlasting One,  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit, and the Son.

H Y M N 36. 3d. Short Metre.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

H Y M N 37. *Or thus:*

**G**IVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of his grace  
Be equal honor done.

## H Y M N 38.

*A song of praise to the blessed Trinity. The 1st.  
as the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 **I** Give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love  
For all my comforts here,  
And better hopes above:  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son  
To die for sins  
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live:  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One:  
Where reason fails  
With all her pow'rs,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.



## H Y M N 39.

The 2d. as the 148th Psalm.

1 **T**O him that chose us first,  
Before the world began;  
To him that bore the curse  
To save rebellious man:  
To him that form'd  
Our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise  
And glory due.

2 The Father's love sha'll run  
Thro' our immortal songs;  
We bring to God the Son  
Hosannas on our tongues:  
Our lips address  
The Spirit's name  
With equal praise,  
And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One:  
Thus heav'n shall raise  
His honors high,  
When earth and time  
Grow old and die.

## H Y M N 40.

The 2d. as the 148th Psalm.

**T**O God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise:  
And while our lips  
Their tribute bring,  
Our faith adores  
The name we sing.

H Y M N 41. *Or thus:*

**T**O our eternal God,  
 The Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit all divine,  
 Three mysteries in One,  
 Salvation, pow'r,  
 And praise be given,  
 By all on earth,  
 And all in heav'n.

*The HOSANNA: or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

## H Y M N 42. Long Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to king David's Son,  
 Who reigns on a superior throne;  
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,  
 Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,  
 In this delightful work engage,  
 Old men and babes in Zion sing  
 The growing glories of her King.

## H Y M N 43. Common Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Grace;  
 Zion, behold thy King;  
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
 And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,  
 Who from the Father came;  
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
 With blessings on his name.

## H Y M N 44. Short Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son  
 Of David and of God,  
 Who brought the news of pardon down,  
 And bought it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ th' anointed King  
Be endless blessings giv'n:  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

## H Y M N 45. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King  
Of David's ancient blood:  
Behold he comes to bring  
Forgiving grace from God:  
Let old and young  
Attend his way,  
And at his feet  
Their honors lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,  
Salvation to the Lamb;  
Let earth, and sea, and sky,  
His wondrous love proclaim,  
Upon his head  
Shall honors rest,  
And ev'ry age  
Pronounce him blest.

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A }  
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